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LITTLE JOURNEYS AROUND OLD PHILADELPHIA

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BY

GEORGE BARTON

AUTHOR OF THE MYSTERY OF THE RED FLAME, THE
WORLD'S GREATEST MILITARY SPIES, ETC.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK H. TAYLOR

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INDEPENDENCE HALL AS SEEN FROM SQUARE

TO MY FRIEND EDWIN S. STUART,
MAYOR OF PHILADELPHIA, GOVER-
NOR OF PENNSYLVANIA AND TRUE
LOVER OF THE CITY OF BROTHERLY
LOVE

CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I The Charm of Old Philadelphia .	17
II Gloria Dei Church	34
III The Home of William Penn . .	44
IV The Ashes of William Penn . .	63
V Where Washington Worshipped .	73
VI A Shrine Amid the Skyscrapers .	81
VII Where the Declaration Was Written	88
VIII The Real George Washington .	101
IX Rare Old Ben Franklin	121
X The Cradle of Liberty	139
XI Old Landmarks and Modern Progress	159
XII John Bartram's Gardens	171
XIII The Romance of Peggy Shippen .	180
XIV Benedict Arnold in Philadelphia .	191
XV The Home of Stephen Moylan .	205
XVI The Tragic Story of Stephen Decatur	214
XVII Philadelphia Streets	222
XVIII The Ghosts of Washington Square	234

XIX	Where Joseph Jefferson Was Born	245
XX	The Romance of Edgar Allen Poe	257
XXI	Along the Wissahickon	267
XXII	Edwin Forrest's Life Tragedy .	282
XXIII	Tom Moore in Philadelphia . .	296
XXIV	Dickens and Little Nell . . .	307
XXV	If Walls Had Ears	316

ILLUSTRATIONS

INDEPENDENCE HALL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
GLORIA DEI CHURCH.....	34
OLD ST. JOSEPH'S.....	81
HOME OF THE DECLARATION.....	99
THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.....	137
WASHINGTON SQUARE	234

PREFACE

IF YOU will let me act as your guide we shall visit many of the places which have made old Philadelphia famous; picturesque spots, historic churches and odd nooks and corners far from the beaten paths of present-day activities. These little journeys will take us to the home where William Penn dwelt when he first came to try his holy experiment and to found this "greene city," to the site of the house wherein Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence; the hall where liberty was proclaimed; the church where Washington worshipped; the dwelling where Benedict Arnold wooed and won Peggy Shippen, and the garden where John Bartram conducted his experiments in botany.

Our wanderings will permit us to pause for a moment in front of the slab which covers the mortal remains of Benjamin Franklin and Deborah, his wife; coming to a later period we shall inspect the old house where Joseph Jefferson, the actor, was born; we shall learn

the story of Stephen Decatur, the romance of Edgar Allen Poe and the tragedy of Edwin Forrest. We shall recall the days that Tom Moore, the poet, spent in Philadelphia and wander lazily along the banks of the Wissahickon. The landmarks of the old town are rapidly giving way to the necessities of modern progress, and it is well to take a final look at these interesting places before they pass into oblivion.

This is not a history, but our rambles will recall many interesting stories of the past, and it will not require much of a stretch of the imagination to people the streets with the prominent and picturesque characters who played their part in the making of the city, the State and the Nation. We may see the very spots where Penn walked, where Washington moved with stately tread, where the benign Franklin held sway, and where Jefferson, Adams and Hancock helped to lay the foundations of a free government whose influence is now felt in every part of the civilized world. Glimpses of the past such as the Old Swedes' Church, Christ Church and Old St. Joseph's, the shrine amid the sky-

scrapers, will recall fond recollections to many older Philadelphians, and prove of interest to those of the present day who take an interest in the men and things that have contributed to the fame of what is still called the most American of all American cities. If we be in the right frame of mind we shall be reviving the atmosphere of the old days and obtaining a picture of the old City of Brotherly Love which is being crowded out by the rapid advance of the new city of progress.

Before starting on our little journeys I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Frank H. Taylor, whose highly artistic and original drawings have done so much to illustrate the text. It has been well said by another that Mr. Taylor has done more than any living man to keep alive Philadelphia's appreciation of her historic past through his hundreds of charming drawings of her old beauty spots and old-time vistas. Attention is also called to the fine photograph of the rear of Independence Hall made by Henry C. Howland. Last, but by no means least, I desire to express my sense of appreciation to my friend, John A. Gallagher, whose enthusiastic encour-

agement prompted the making of these pen pictures of the old city. Many of these articles have had newspaper publication, and others have appeared in magazines, but now revised and enlarged and with much new material they tell in a consecutive way the ever-old and always new story of Philadelphia.

G. B.

LITTLE JOURNEYS AROUND
OLD PHILADELPHIA

I

THE CHARM OF OLD PHILADELPHIA

WONDERFUL changes have taken place in the physical appearance of Philadelphia in the last generation, but in spite of the widened streets, the great boulevards and the constant growth in population, wealth and importance, the true lover of the old town can still discover traces of that elusive charm which gave the place distinction in the days of our fathers.

It is not easy to describe the feelings that old Philadelphians, and many of the present day, had and have for their city. The sentiment animating them has nothing to do with statistics, skyscrapers or census returns. To them it has always been something more than an aggregation of mere bricks, stone and mortar. There was something in the atmosphere that made it different from other places. The charm they felt was more or less indefinable, but it was none the less real because

it had an effect upon their feelings and their lives. They felt a decent pride in the old place; it was not a boastful or offensive pride, but rather a quiet feeling of appreciation that their lot had been cast amid such pleasant surroundings and with such agreeable neighbors.

Fifty years or more ago it was the fashion for certain outsiders to refer to Philadelphia as "an overgrown village." It had much of the tranquillity of the village, but even at that time it possessed more substance and character than the habitations of its light and uninformed critics. From the very beginning the "greene country towne" on the Delaware so lovingly planned by William Penn has been a city of homes, and the home life of the people made a lasting effect upon the community. Strangers smiled at the little red-brick houses, with the green blinds and the white marble steps, but these things were symbolic of the thrift, the cleanliness and the domesticity of the people. They still have their meaning, even though it has been minimized by the growing number of apartments and tene-

ments which, alas, have come to make Philadelphia more like other large cities.

It is still possible for the old resident with a responsive heart and mind to call forth these agreeable memories of the past. We can forget telephones, close our ears to the harsh sounds of automobile horns, ignore the radio and the flying machine and calmly walk the sidewalks that once resounded to the tread of the Quakers and the colonists and later on to the solid Philadelphians who created the Centennial Exposition and made the city known to all parts of the world. If we walk along Pine Street, between Third and Fourth, a block that once housed the best known citizens of Philadelphia, we may still hear the silvery chimes of old St. Peter's. If we stroll a block farther north to Willing's Alley we can find our way amid skyscrapers to the iron gateway that leads to old St. Joseph's, and entering therein enjoy the calm repose that is so foreign to the screeching age. If we continue our journey to Second Street above Arch we come to old Christ Church which dates back to the time of William Penn, and which still contains the pew where George

Washington and his wife, Martha, worshipped when the man who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen" was President of these United States of America.

It seems strange to speak of it as the Quaker City in these days and yet the old meeting houses with their peaked roofs and plain brick walls still survive. On the ordinary days of the year the garb of the members of the Society of Friends is as rare as the Indian in his native dress, but during "Quaker Meeting" week they come forth from the suburbs and unexpected places looking the same in outward appearance as they did in those far-off days when their great associate first came to these shores to begin his "holy experiment" on the virgin soil of Pennsylvania. The broad-brimmed hats are rarer now than ever, but they still persist with the poke bonnets of the women. Beneath the smooth foreheads and the placid faces of these men and women we can discern the simplicity of life and the contentment of heart which sets them apart from the feverish, rushing crowds. They, too, love the city in spite of its

changing character, and must feel a satisfaction in their connection with its founder as he stands on the top of the City Hall with his hand outstretched as if in benediction.

Hospitality to the stranger within its gates is one of the characteristics of Philadelphia, but it is so quiet and unostentatious that it may be overlooked by the casual visitor who only notices the outward aspect of things. It has been said that if you call on a friend during business hours in New York city he will give you a cordial grasp of the hand and invite you to come again; that if you make a similar call on a Boston man he will take you out to lunch, but that if you go to see a Philadelphian he will pull down his roll-topped desk and place himself at your disposal for the remainder of the day. This may be an exaggeration, but it is typical of the spirit of the old town. The hospitality of the city may not be exactly the open-handed and rough and ready geniality of the West, but it is just as far removed from the formal politeness of our New England friends.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the social side of life in Philadelphia,

and we have been assured time and again that to live above Market Street was to be socially impossible. What is true is that for generations the old families of the city have lived chiefly in the section bounded by the Delaware and the Schuylkill and Market and Christian Streets. This is in reality the "old city proper" where Penn and his associates lived and where Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and the fathers of the Republic had their habitations. The early Philadelphians lived there for the simple reason that this territory constituted the boundaries of the city. There are many fine old mansions there now which have been occupied for many generations by the same families: grandfather, father and son succeeding one another in natural succession. It is these families which make "The Assembly" the exclusive social event of the season.

But the growth in population and the demands of trade have already made inroads on the social aspect of this part of Philadelphia. The visitor to Rittenhouse Square will find eighteen and twenty-story apartment houses looming up on corners which formerly

held colonial houses where trained butlers spoke in whispers and where candelabra furnished the soft, mellow light that shone down on immaculate table linen and on the sparkling Burgundy and the rare Madeira that topped off the well-served dinner. Things are different now and the former occupants of these substantial and old-fashioned homes are being scattered about Germantown and the suburban towns along the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here and there some of the older ones persist, but they seem as rare and unusual as a brougham is among the limousines along the River Drive in Fairmount Park.

Club life has been a feature even in this city of homes, but it has always had a distinctive flavor. So far back as 1732 we had the organization known as the State in Schuylkill which had its castle on the west bank of the river above the present Girard Avenue bridge. One of its guests, who afterward became a member, was General Lafayette. The club catered to the palate in a superlative degree, and one of its triumphs was a drink which became famous under the

name of Fish House Punch. In the city proper the old Philadelphia Club provided a suitable setting in the ancient and rather massive brick building at the corner of Thirteenth and Walnut Streets, for those favored members who sat in the window seats watching the procession of youth and beauty and fashion as it made its way along Walnut Street.

Not far away from this, at the corner of Broad and Walnut, was what was known as "the old Bellevue" where George Boldt taught the landlords of America the art of keeping a hotel. It is now the site of the Manufacturers' Club, but while it flourished it was the resort of those who wanted the best entertainment to be had regardless of cost. It was in this old Bellevue that the famous Clover Club was born, and where it attained the distinction of being the most unique dining club in the country. Presidents were glad to have a seat at its festive board and here conviviality was to be found in its best estate. All that remains of it now is the collection of pictures and menu cards which may be seen in the "Peacock Alley" of the

new Bellevue-Stratford Hotel on the other side of Broad and Walnut Streets.

The Union League, which may easily claim the distinction of being the leading club of Philadelphia, is an organization which has helped to give atmosphere to the city. It dates back to the time of the Civil War, and it was formed for the purpose of helping the Government in that great struggle. It was an outgrowth of the Union Club and its objects were social as well as political. In the beginning the meetings were held at the homes of the members and it was provided that weekly gatherings should take place on every Saturday night at which time a moderate entertainment should be provided by the host with the distinct understanding that the wines were to be limited to sherry, madeira and one other. Looking back at it from this distance one wonders at the moderation of those convivial spirits.

Philadelphia remains the most American of all the cities in America. We have a fair share of the picturesque immigrants from Europe. We have our Italian colony, our Polish quarter, our Chinese section, and the

population includes Germans, Russians, French, English, Swedes, Austrians, Hungarians, Greeks, and Spaniards. This does not tell the whole story, for there must be more nationalities than were gathered about the Tower of Babel on that momentous occasion in history, but it is enough to cause William Penn to turn in his grave with amazement. We certainly have men and women in our midst speaking anywhere from forty to fifty different languages—this does not violate our promise not to be statistical—and yet when these lines were written there were more Americans in Philadelphia than all of the other nationalities combined. Can any other large city make such a claim? New York has been called a foreign city and so has Chicago. But so far it has not been possible to say this of Philadelphia.

This is not said in any narrow-minded spirit because the mass of the people in this municipality go to justify its title of the City of Brotherly Love. Away back in the forties we had the Native American riots but these outbursts represented the prejudices of a section and not all of the people. The general

feeling is one of broad-mindedness and liberality. Hence when we speak of an American city we refer to a population that is rooted in its past, that is proud of its traditions and that adheres to American standards of living. In the old days in the mill district of Kensington it was the boast of the workers that the poorest family had shades at the windows, carpet on the floor—usually ingrain carpet—and an organ in the parlor. All of this helped their self-respect and made them better citizens.

The parks and the open spaces of Philadelphia have been among the glories of the city. Fairmount Park, the largest of its kind in the world, has an international reputation. It is the people's playground in fact as well as in name. There on Sundays and holidays whole families journey, spread a white tablecloth on the green ground and get as much, and often more, joy out of life than if they possessed the millions of a Rockefeller or a Ford. Those who possess automobiles may drive over many miles of fine roads and gaze about an unexcelled prospect. Provision has been made for those who relish the delights

of horseback riding and the many bridle paths which bring the rider into unexpected scenes of natural beauty, have been laid out with fine judgment. The children have been considered as well as their elders, for within the confines of the park is one of the finest Zoological Gardens in the world, and an Aquarium that will eventually be worthy of the name.

But it is when we visit the solitudes of the Wissahickon that we fully appreciate the rare beauty of Fairmount Park. Through the thoughtfulness of the Fairmount Park Commission the upper Wissahickon is kept free from motor vehicles of every kind, and the pedestrian who wishes "to loaf and invite his soul" amid the natural wonders of this section may do so without fear of interruption from screeching automobiles. In the winter it is the favorite place for sleigh-rides and in the fall it is the resort of those who love the study of botany. But it is at its best in the early days of autumn when the leaves are a riot of green and gold. "Tom" Daly describes it in his "McAroni Ballads" when he says:

"There earliest stirred the feet of spring,
There summer dreamed on drowsy wing,
And autumn's glories longest cling
Along the Wissahickon."

Baedecker calls it "a miniature Alpine gorge," and those who love the place will feel that the phrase is far from being an exaggeration. Ancient bridges cross the creek at intervals and in contrast are some of the wonders of modern bridge building. The charm of the Wissahickon is felt in the same way that we feel the charm of the old city.

Art, music, and literature have played their part in adding to the charm of both old and new Philadelphia. Benjamin West, noted both as a portrait and historical painter, lives in the work he left behind. Charles Wilson Peale, another genius, did much to spread a taste for art in the old city. Gilbert Stuart was a noted painter whose fame has come down the ages. Thomas Sully deserves mention with West and Peale. John Sartain was distinguished in engraving on steel. Felix Darley, the celebrated artist, was born and worked in old Philadelphia, and afterwards

added to his distinction in other places. But the great asset of the city in this respect is the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, founded in 1805, whose annual exhibition is an art treat that attracts visitors from all parts of the United States. Not to see these yearly shows is to confess your ignorance of Philadelphia.

The opening of the Academy of Music nearly seventy years ago gave an impetus to music in the Quaker City. Before and since then church choirs, such as those in St. Joseph's, St. John's and St. Augustine's, were famed for the classical nature of their musical offerings. Opera was given at intervals, but it was not until the opening of the Academy that this become one of the features of city life. This fine building was then, and it is now, noted for its remarkably good acoustic qualities, and it is to be hoped that the day will be far distant when it will have to give way to the march of modern building progress. Musical Fund Hall remains in the memory of many as the place where Jenny Lind gave a series of concerts under the management of our old friend, P. T. Barnum. Today the

regular concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra are as much a part of the routine life of the town as the Sunday morning scrapple and the feasts of catfish and waffles.

It was Benjamin Franklin who first gave a literary tone to old Philadelphia, and the weekly he founded is still doing business at the old stand. Mason L. Weems, the Episcopal clergyman, who wrote the "Life of George Washington," was a resident of Philadelphia. His biography, which contained the anecdote of little George, the cherry tree and the hatchet, had an immense circulation, forty editions being sold before the immediate demand was satisfied. Edgar Allen Poe, because of his residence here, was regarded as a Philadelphian. George H. Boker published many noble tragedies, one of which "Francesca da Rimini" was a vehicle for the talents of Lawrence Barrett. John Fanning Watson, the historian, Thomas Westcott, Robert Montgomery Bird, Charles J. Peterson, Thomas Buchanan Read, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, the great Shakespearan scholar, are a few of the old names that come to mind.

Of those of the present day it is not necessary to speak.

Libraries have always been part of the atmosphere of old Philadelphia. Two years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Rev. Jacob Duche wrote: "Literary accomplishments here meet with deserved applause. Such is the taste for books that almost every man is a reader." The Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest in this country, is known as the "father of American libraries." The Ridgway Branch of this library, a great stone building, occupying a whole city block at Broad and Carpenter Streets, is one of the sights of the city. The Apprentices' Library, now over one hundred years old, still holds forth proudly on Broad Street above Spring Garden, although apprentices, bound out to learn trades, are rare in these days. The Mercantile Library, also more than a century old, is another institution which has helped to give Philadelphia a distinctive flavor. There are scores of others not to mention the new free library system with its fine main building on the Parkway,

and its more than twenty branches, which call for no comment.

The late George W. Childs never passed Independence Hall without raising his hat as a mark of the reverence he had for what it represented. It is this feeling which has much to do with the charm which old Philadelphia has for those who know it and love it. The echoes of the Liberty Bell are still heard, and it requires but little stretch of the imagination to see Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and all of the other fathers of the Republic as they walk through the old colonial doorways, clad in their pleasing garb, with knee breeches and buckled shoes. They were calm and self-contained as the old town itself was calm and self-contained. That spirit hovered over the city for many, many years. That composure did not mean lack of purpose or of action, but it was in direct contrast to the feverish spirit of the present radio-motion-picture age. And after all we must conclude that this dignity and tranquillity and love of the things that count most constituted much of what we call the charm of old Philadelphia.

II

GLORIA DEI CHURCH

ALONG the river front where Delaware Avenue and Swanson Street converge stands Gloria Dei Church, more commonly known as Old Swedes' Church, which was even looked upon as a landmark as far back as the days when the fathers of the Republic met in old Philadelphia to frame the Declaration of Independence.

The congregation was founded in 1667, and the present edifice was erected in 1700. The simple glazed brick building, with the sloping roof, the small-paned windows, the rare colonial doorway and the fine spire is a thing of beauty as well as of great antiquity. It stands out vividly amid its commercial and maritime surroundings. Below it and behind it are great brick sugar refineries, and above it are immense warehouses. In the rear are a few of the courts and alleys which still survive in



THE GRAVEYARD OF OLD SWEDES CHURCH

the City of Homes. Facing it is the Delaware River, and riding on the bosom of the waters one may see ocean going steamships from all parts of the world. And at intervals may be noticed some that carry the Swedish flag—the flag of the land from whence came the early settlers on the Delaware who established this old church.

A block house stood on the site of the present church in 1669, and at that time was used as a place of worship by the Swedes. The first sermon was preached there on one Trinity Sunday by Rev. Jacob Fabritius. Between 1760 and 1762 Swedish churches were established at Kingsessing and Upper Merion by the congregation of Gloria Dei Church. They became independent of the parent church in 1843. Two years later the congregation of Gloria Dei Church was admitted into the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

The present congregation is a dwindling one, but it is an interesting fact that many of the old members still come there to Sunday services from Overbrook, Merion, Jenkintown, Kingsessing and parts of New Jersey.

Tourists from all parts of the United States, and from Europe journey down to that part of old Philadelphia for the purpose of walking through the quaint old graveyard and viewing the church. The interior of Gloria Dei satisfies the expectations that are created by the sight of the exterior. It is small and there is a sense of compactness about it, yet the aisles are broad and the pews roomy. Standing at the doorway one can see the marble font bowl which was brought over by the members of the first Swedish colony. On the floor of the middle aisle, as in Christ Church, are gravestones which mark the graves of three of the earliest rectors of the church. The walls contain memorial tablets to Rev. Nicholas Collin, Rev. Jehu Curtis Clay and Rev. Snyder B. Simes. These three rectors served the parish for forty-five years, thirty-two years, and forty-seven years, respectively. This is a remarkable record—three men whose pastorates extend over a period of 124 years.

It has been necessary to renovate the old church on several occasions, but it has been kept practically unchanged. The pews are

new, of course, but they fit in perfectly with the design of the church. The same is true of the galleries on either side, and to all intents and purposes one who walks into the church today finds everything as it was on that Sunday in 1700.

The old bell that summons the people to worship contains part of the metal that was used in the first bell that ever hung in the belfry. The present bell contains the following inscription:

Cast for the Swedish church in Philadelphia,
 styled Gloria Dei,
 partly from the old bell dated 1643
 G. Hedderly, Fecit 1806

"I to the church the living call
 And to the grave do summon all."

In the beginning the members of the congregation were undecided whether to build at Passyunk or Wicaco. A piece of ground had been purchased at Point Breeze. This was in 1696. Eighty acres of ground were bought for sixty pounds. Imagine a plot of that size being purchased for three hundred

dollars—less than four dollars an acre! The Swansons and other influential members wanted to build on the site of the old block-house church at Wicaco. There was much feeling, and it was finally decided to settle the controversy by chance. Two slips of paper were prepared, one reading PASSYUNK and the other WICACO, and placed in a hat. The one with Wicaco on it was drawn and that ended the dispute. The ground on which the church stands was given to the congregation by Catherine Swanson, the widow of Swan Swanson, and by other members of that family. Later twenty-five acres of ground nearby were purchased for a parsonage for the pastor to be occupied by him and “his heirs forever.” If we are to believe tradition this bit of land extended west as far as Tenth Street.

The first pastor, writing home to Sweden, gives an interesting picture of the church. “This church,” he says, “is of the same size as the other, only that one of the corners is shortened in order to make room for a belfry or steeple which has been begun at the west end, but must remain for some time unfin-

ished, in order to see whether God will bless us so far that we may have a bell and in what manner we may procure it. The church is built of stone to the foundation, but not so good as that of which the lower church is built. The buildings will cost us, according to our reckoning, about twenty thousand dollars Swedish money, and something more, of which I am yet indebted in five thousand dollars, and my colleague is about in the same position. We have nothing to rely on but the efforts of the congregation to raise that money as well as they can.

“Thus, through God’s great blessing, we have completed the great work, and built two fine churches, superior to any built in this country, particularly that built at Christina, so that the English themselves, who now govern this province and are richer than we, wonder at what we have done. It is but lately that two Governors, with their suites, have come to this place and visited our churches. The one is Francis Nicholson, Governor of Maryland, and our great patron; the other is named Blackstone, and is Governor of Virginia. With all this we want some ornamen-

tations for our church, which are not to be procured here, such as a couple of bells, handsome chalices and patterns, and chandeliers or lustres. We have also room for a small organ.

"We hope also that in time we shall have obtained the things that we most want, particularly books. I have at last established a school here, with an able teacher at the head of it, who also serves as parish clerk, an office which I was before obliged to perform."

There is a letter by Rev. Andrew Rudman which gives us a wonderful insight into the place and the people. In the course of it he says:

"The churches are old and in bad condition, wherefore, with God's help, we are endeavoring to build new ones. The lower one is at Christina, the upper at Wicaco or Passyunk. The minister's garden and mansion house are at the distance of four English miles from Philadelphia, a clever town built by the Quakers. The population is very thin and scattered all along the river shore, so that some have sixteen miles to walk or ride to

church. Nevertheless they regularly attend divine service on Sunday. The houses are built after the Swedish manner. The women brew excellent drink, as in Sweden, and they have also a liquor made of apples or peaches, which they call cider. It is very pleasant to the taste and very wholesome. In order to build our church we are about to raise the sum of four hundred pounds sterling, but that will not be difficult, they are so very glad to have us among them.

“They look upon us as if we were angels from Heaven. Of this they have assured us with many tears, and we may truly say that there is no place in the world where a clergyman may be so happy and so well beloved as in this country. As to the government, it is very mild, and the people live quietly under Governor Markham, who is exceedingly well disposed toward us. He has reproached us with not going often enough to see him, and has left us quite at liberty as to our church discipline. There are many Swedes employed in the administration of this government. Some of them are counselors whom they call judges. Many of them are officers—captains,

constables and ensigns. There is plenty of work for us. We are alone. Our congregations are scattered, our youth numerous, and but few that do not require instruction."

There is a letter from Rev. Eric Biork which pictures the Philadelphia of that day as a modern Utopia. Hear these words, ye of the present generation: "The country here is delightful, as it has always been described, and overflows with every blessing, so that the people live very well without being compelled to do too much or too severe labor. The taxes are very light. The farmers, after their work is over, live as they do in Sweden, but are clothed as well as are the respectable inhabitants of the towns. They have fresh meat and fish in abundance, and want nothing of what other countries produce. They have plenty of grain wherewith to make bread and plenty of drink. May God continue them in the enjoyment of these blessings. There are no poor in this country, but they all provide for themselves, for the land is rich and fruitful, and no man who will labor can suffer want."

We have the authority of one of the rectors of Gloria Dei Church for saying that but

for the grossest carelessness this church would have been one of the richest religious organizations in the United States. At one time it owned ninety-six acres on the Schuylkill River, and it is certain that this ground today, not to speak of the improvements on it, would have been worth many millions of dollars. It is a curious fact that this modest Swedish parish might have been a rival, so far as riches are concerned, of Trinity parish in New York city. But little by little valuable ground slipped away, and many important papers and documents relating to the ground have disappeared.

However, the friends and lovers of the quaint old church on the Delaware River front will probably like it better without great wealth because money does not always bring happiness and often leads to discontent and the loss of the better things of life.

III

THE HOME OF WILLIAM PENN

IF YOU are in the neighborhood of the Girard Avenue entrance to Fairmount Park you may be interested in visiting the first American home of William Penn, which also has the distinction of being the first brick dwelling erected in Philadelphia.

It is just beyond the west end of the Girard Avenue bridge in an elevated section of the Park, overlooking the beautiful Schuylkill River. It is a two-and-a-half story house with a sloping roof. Gazing on the exterior it is hard to believe that this dwelling was built 241 years ago, because it has scarcely been touched by the hand of time, and has the appearance of being as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. The small-paned windows in the front and the circular windows on the side remind us of colonial days, but in many respects the house has a modern aspect. Over the whitewashed fireplace in what would now

be called the living-room is a marble slab on which is inscribed:

This house built by William Penn, A.D. 1682, is believed to have been the first brick building erected in Philadelphia. He resided in it during part of his first visit. It was the first State House of the Province and originally stood on the "Governor's lot" fronting on what is now Letitia Street. It was removed here June A.D. 1883.

It was in 1880 that the old building first attracted general attention because it was in danger of destruction from the march of commerce in its old neighborhood in the vicinity of Second and Chestnut Streets. Some public-spirited citizens started an agitation for its preservation as one of the landmarks of the city, and it was finally decided to remove it to a site in Fairmount Park. It is an interesting fact that all of the original material was preserved, and that it was re-erected virtually brick for brick on the plot where it now

stands as a memorial of the founder of Pennsylvania.

If we look back a trifle over two centuries and a quarter we may see the youthful Penn landing at Dock Street wharf and making his way to the Blue Anchor Inn. We all know about his famous treaty with the Indians, an episode in history which has been commemorated by a stone in the Penn Treaty Park in Kensington. The old house in Fairmount Park contains a number of prints illustrating this event, and the walls also contain framed reproductions of the original grants given to Penn by the King. One of his first tasks was to lay out the grounds and provide for streets in the original city. These streets were named after trees and thus we have, or had, Chestnut, Walnut, Cypress, Willow and Sassafrass Streets.

His desire was to make this a "green city," and this idea was partly carried out in the small parks or squares planned in certain sections such as Washington, Rittenhouse, Franklin and Logan Squares. The founder was explicit in wanting the people to share in

this sort of thing, for he says: "Let every house be placed, if the person pleases, in the middle of its plat, as to the breadth-way of it, that so there may be ground on each side for gardens or orchards or fields, that it may be a green country town which will never be burnt and always wholesome."

What a contrast Philadelphia now, with its more than two million population, presents to this ideal. Penn carried it out in his Letitia Street house, and it is well illustrated in the old dwelling in Fairmount Park with its ample space enclosed with the old-fashioned fence.

Gabriel Thomas, describing the city as he saw it in 1697, says: "There are many lanes and alleys, as, first Hutton's Lane, Morris Lane, Jones' Lane, wherein are many very good buildings; Shuter's Alley, Yower's Lane, Walter's Alley, Turner's Lane, Sikes' Alley and Flower's Alley. All these alleys and lanes extended from the Front Street to the Second Street. There is another alley in the Second Street called Carter's Alley. There are also, besides these alleys and lanes, several fine squares and courts within this magnificent city."

Even today there are reminders of these thoroughfares which prompted the writer of that far-off time to speak of the place as a "magnificent city."

It is certain that soon after Penn came to Philadelphia he began to build a house for his own use. This structure, called the Letitia House, was generally believed to have been constructed for his daughter, whose name it bears. Her father, however, did not grant the lot to her by patent until March 29, 1701. He lived there when it was first built, and when he returned to England it was occupied by and become the official residence of Markham, the Governor.

In the meantime Penn planned the handsome residence on the upper Delaware known as Pennsbury. He chose the site because it gave him convenient access to both his own capital and to Burlington, the chief town in the West Jersey plantation. We are told that it was quite an elaborate building, costing, with expenditures upon the grounds and out-buildings, from five thousand to seven thousand pounds.

Westcott, writing of this nearly fifty years ago, says: "It was placed upon a gentle eminence fifteen feet above high water, and one hundred and fifty feet from the river, with a winding creek or cove flowing around one side of it to the rear. Not a vestige of the house or plantation now remains, except some gnarled trunks of old cherry trees, supposed to have been planted by the founder. This mansion house, however, was not completed until some years after Penn's return to England. The supervision of its construction was given to James Harrison, and Penn's letters to him on the subject are numerous and interesting. The proprietary in the first few months of his visit seems to have had no other thought than that of a permanent residence in the province, surrounded by his family, and in the midst of sylvan solitude and rural comforts.

"He had not then learned that new colonies may be harassing and intractable, and that the European with large home interests who goes to dwell in the wilderness cannot escape illustrating the old proverb, 'Out of sight, out of mind.' 'I am much satisfied with my

plan and portion,' he wrote to one friend from Chester. To Lord Colepepper, just come out as Governor and proprietor of Virginia, he wrote: 'I am mightily taken with this part of the world; here is a good deal of nature which is to be preferred to base art, and methinks that simplicity with enough, is gold to lacker, compared with European cunning. I like it so well that a plentiful estate and a great acquaintance on the other side have no charms to remove; my family once fixed with me, and if no other thing occur, I am likely to be an adopted American. Our province thrives with people; our next increase will be the fruit of their labor. Time, the maturer of things below, will give the best account of this country.'"

Time has given us a very good account of the country, and it has also corrected some of the impressions we have had about the personality of William Penn. In the painting of the treaty with the Indians, done by such an eminent artist as Benjamin West, and now to be seen in the Pennsylvania Hospital, the founder of this great Commonwealth is de-

picted as a corpulent old gentleman, attired in the sombre dress and the broad-brimmed headgear of the Society of Friends.

Penn was thirty-eight when he arrived at Dock Street wharf, and there is every reason to believe that with his youthfulness was a love of fencing, boating and other sports. We know that when his father sent him to France he returned with the manners and dress of a courtier. Also that he danced well in Dublin, and was a lover of good horses. It is true that his manners and dress changed after he had joined the Society of Friends, but at the time of his arrival here there was nothing to justify presenting him as a fat old man, dressed in a shad-bellied coat. Westcott, after speaking of the sacrifices made by Penn for conscience sake, adds: "He was neither a zealot nor a lunatic, but an English gentleman, fond of dress, comfort, ease, and something like luxury, an accomplished courtier, a thorough business man, and one of the shrewdest students and judges of character."

Mr. J. F. Fisher, in an address before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, says the true dress of Penn would have been that in vogue

at the end of the reign of Charles II. "This was a collarless coat, perfectly straight in front, with many buttons, having only a short, buttoned slit behind, the sleeves hardly descending below the elbow. The vest was as long as the coat and except as to the sleeves made apparently the same way. The breeches were very full, open at the sides, and tied with strings." Mr. Fisher was uncertain about the hat, but Penn's account book shows that he was very particular about his hats and his wigs, and that he paid liberally for a pair of spatterdashes to wear when horseback riding. He also had a gig, a state coach and four, and a handsome barge, manned by a coxswain and six oarsmen, and carrying sail besides.

These details may not be of supreme importance, but if we are to get a true picture of William Penn at that age we shall have to forget the traditional portraits and statues.

What was popularly known as "the old slate roof house" was another of the homes occupied by William Penn while he was in Philadelphia. Samuel Carpenter built this in 1687 at the corner of what was then Second Street

and Morris Alley. "It was," says one chronicler, "much the finest house in the city." William Penn lived there in 1699. James Logan entertained Lord Cornbury there in 1702 and Governor James Hamilton later had it as his home. It is difficult to fix the exact location of these old homes because the names of the streets were changed so often. Chestnut Street, for instance, was first called Wynne, after Doctor Thomas Wynne, of Wales, who came here in the good ship "Welcome" with William Penn.

Townsend Ward says: "From the frequent changes in the names of streets in Philadelphia one might suppose we were afflicted with a perpetual French Revolution, the main features of which, since the disuse of the guillotine, being an entire change in the names of the streets."

It was in January, 1700, that the Penns moved into the slate house. On the twenty-ninth of the same month John Penn was born there, the son of William Penn by his second wife, Hannah Callowhill. He was the only child of Penn's not of English birth, and has been referred to, on that account, as "the

American." Isaac Norris, writing to an English correspondent about this time, speaks thus of the latest addition to the House of Penn: "Their little son is a comely, lovely babe, and has much of his father's grace and air, and I hope he will not want a good portion of his mother's sweetness, who is a woman extremely well beloved here, exemplary in her station and of an excellent spirit, which adds lustre to her character, and has a great place in the hearts of good people."

In the spring of that year Penn and his family moved to the Manor House at Pennsbury. Penn entertained liberally there, and in going from there to the meetings of the Council in the city he used his eight-oared barge and proceeded in state, much to the entertainment of the people who looked upon the spectacle with something like awe. Francis Bugg, an apostate Quaker, in a tract published in London, writes—probably in a spirit of detraction: "Our present Governor, William Penn, wants the sacred unction, tho' he seems not to want majesty, for the grandeur and magnificence of his mien (tho' his clothes be sordid in respect to his mind, being not

arrayed in royal robes) is equivalent to that of the Grand Mogul, and his word in many cases as absolute and binding. The gate of his house (or palace) is always guarded with a janissary armed with a varnished club of nearly ten feet long, crowned with a large silver head, embossed and chased as an hieroglyphic of its master's pride. There are certain days of the week appointed for audience, and as for the rest you must keep your distance."

"His *corps du gard* generally consists of seven or eight of his chief magistrates, both ecclesiastical and civil, which always attend him, and sometimes there are more. When he perambulates the city, one, bareheaded, with a long white wand on his shoulder, in imitation of the Lord Marshal of England, marches grandly before him and his train, and sometimes proclamation is made to clear the way. At their meeting houses first William leads the van like a mighty champion of war, rattling as fast as the wheels of his leathern conveyency. After him follow the mighty Dons according to their several movings, and then for the chorus the Feminine Prophets tune

their quail pipes for the space of three or four hours, and having ended as they began with howlings and yawlings, hems and haws, grip-pings and graspings, they spend the remainder of the day in feasting each other, and tomorrow they go into the country, and so on from meeting house to meeting house, till, like the Eastern armies in former times, they have devoured all the provisions both for men and beast about the country, and then the spirit ceasing they return to their own homes."

Terrible exaggeration, one will say, but in spite of the ungenerous Bugg we know that Penn did live in state, and did surround himself with a certain amount of display. He had a state coach of four horses, and one historian says "it must have rattled a good deal in traversing the stumpy, root-roughened road from Pennsburg to Philadelphia."

Through the industry of the late J. Francis Fisher we have been given a faithful picture of the Pennsburg Manor and the life that was led there. Penn's desire was to live the existence of an English country squire. He had his own brewery—and the brew house stood

there until 1864—and lived in what might be called luxurious style. The manor was built of brick, was two stories high with a generous garret. A wide hall on the first floor was used for public receptions, and the grounds were laid out by gardeners sent from England for that purpose.

The furniture on the ground floor was of oak, and there was a grandfather's clock which may be still seen in the rooms of the Philadelphia Library. "The cellar," says Westcott, "and larder were well supplied and the retinue of domestics was large. There was cheer at the manor house for all and it never lacked visitors. Generally there were some wigwams out among the trees in the lawn and forest, and a deputation of savages almost every morning waited in the hall, seated on the floor on their haunches, with their knees drawn up under their chins, silent but observant. Penn was a very liberal man in his expenditures. He let his friends and relatives dip into his purse at all times. William Penn, Jr., could always depend upon him to pay his debts, and his son-in-law Aubrey actually compelled him, with ineffable meanness, to pay

him exorbitant interest on some delayed payments upon Letitia's portion given to her, and he was greedy for money all the time. The proprietary's charity were no small tax upon his resources. He gave to all who asked or all who seemed needy.

"He received the Governors of Maryland and Virginia with great state and profuse hospitality when they came to visit him. His steward bought a ton of flour at a time, molasses by the hogshead, cranberries by the bushel, barrels of cider, and dozens of cases of select wines. There was a barrel of olives in the pantry for the dinner and lunch table; butter was fetched from Rhode Island, and for candles the steward sent to Boston. The wine—madeira, sherry, port, claret—the brandy and gin and strong beer and ale were shipped from London; the rum came from Jamaica, and, though this was meant chiefly for the Indians, Penn ordered the best in sealed bottles, so as to be sure it was not watered or otherwise tampered with. Occasionally runnels of ale were procured in Philadelphia, and the small beer was brewed at home."

It must not be supposed from all of this that Penn lived in ease and luxury always. Indeed, he gave most of his time to the business of governing the province, a business in which he was greatly aided by James Logan and others. But, apparently he felt that he should live according to the state of the other Governors who came to visit him from time to time.

He had many difficulties, but it is not necessary to go into them in this brief essay. It is sufficient to say that they were heartbreaking at times. And he had his domestic troubles which all but broke his spirit. There came, as one writer puts it, persecution, debts, semi-exile, affliction of every sort. His first wife had died, his son went to the bad, his steward robbed and betrayed him, his province and people were ungrateful, he was accused of treason and reduced to poverty.

"Then," says Westcott, "came an Indian summer of prosperity, when, acquitted of debt and accusations dismissed, married to another wife, and glad to see how his work thrived, he returned to his province and enjoyed a season

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of luxurious indolence and importance at his manor and mansion at Pennsbury."

But once again his government was threatened by the royal power. It was then that William Penn, on November 1, 1701, with his wife Hannah, his daughter Letitia, and his infant son, John, took the ship "Dalmahoy" for England. Hannah Penn had become beloved by all in the province. "She has," says Isaac Norris, "a wonderful sweetness, evenness and humility. In short we love her and she deserves it." While the ship was going down the river, Penn wrote his letter of instructions to Logan who was to take his place while he was gone. He expected to return, but it was well that he did not realize the truth at the time. He was leaving the province he had founded and the friends he had made, never to return again.

On his arrival in England he found his affairs in great disorder. "I never was so low and reduced," he writes to James Logan. "Oh, Pennsylvania, what hast thou not cost me? Above 30,000 pounds more than I ever got by it, two hazardous and most fatiguing voy-

ages, my straits and slavery here, and my son's soul almost!"

Finally, as a last humiliation, he was forced into prison for debt. Consider, dear reader, the fate that pursues pioneers in almost every age and clime. Columbus, the discoverer of America, in prison, and Penn, the founder of a great city and State, behind the bars for debt.

When Penn was finally released he resumed his labors as a minister at the age of sixty-five. Not long after that he was paralyzed. As a consequence his reason gave way. To the end his sweet temper and disposition remained, but he was a wreck of his former self. His body was wasted and his great intellect gone. The man with a noble idea who had made a "holy experiment" in the new world was in his second childhood!

He lived in this state for years, dying July 30, 1718, in his seventy-fourth year. He was buried in the ground of the Jordan's Quaker meeting house in Buckinghamshire, where his first wife and several members of his family were already interred.

Hence it comes that the old Letitia street

house is one of the few things we have to remind us of the days of William Penn in the city he founded. The tall figure on the high tower, of course, is another striking memorial.

But the greatest legacy he has left us is the Commonwealth he created. "We may be proud," in the words of Bancroft, "that Penn did not despair of humanity, and though all history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, cared to cherish the noble idea of man's capacity for self-government."

IV

THE ASHES OF WILLIAM PENN

WHEN the proposition to remove the City Hall is discussed it is nearly always accompanied by the suggestion that the great tower, and the lofty statue of William Penn be preserved for posterity. It has been urged that in the event of the removal of the municipal buildings the statue be placed on some desirable site along the Parkway.

But in the multiplicity of ideas which have been advanced there is always found some trace of the popularity which the tall figure of the founder has acquired not only among Philadelphians but also with visitors to the city. With the exception of the fine dome of the splendid capitol at Washington no other city has anything exactly like this outstanding statue on the top of the City Hall. Gilbert Chesterton in his book of impressions of America mentions the Penn statue, and speaks of the grave of the founder in the Jourdon's

Burial Ground in England. Native and stranger alike nearly always have some remark to make about "Billy Penn" standing on his lofty pedestal in all sorts of weather, and looking forth on the city he founded with a never-failing benignity.

To take this away for any cause whatever would be to rob Philadelphia of one of its striking features. It is the first thing to be noticed by the stranger within our gates, and the last to be observed by the parting guest. In this connection it is interesting to recall that an attempt was made years ago to give it still greater significance, by bringing the ashes of Penn from England and placing them in a suitable crypt at the base of the great marble pile which stands at the four corners of Broad and Market Streets. The occasion was the approaching bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Pennsylvania. The attempt was a failure, but it was an interesting failure, and it may be worth while to turn to the papers now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society to refresh the memories of present-day readers.

It was in 1881 that the legislature of the state passed a resolution authorizing the Governor to appoint a Commissioner to go abroad for the purpose of inducing the trustees of the Jourdan's Burial Ground to consent to the removal of the remains of William Penn. Governor Hoyt appointed for his delicate mission the late George L. Harrison, and he was furnished with the necessary credentials by Matthew Stanley Quay, at that time Secretary of the Commonwealth. The United States Government interested itself in the project to the extent of commending Mr. Harrison to the good offices of our representatives abroad. James G. Blaine, the then Secretary of State, gave Mr. Harrison a letter of introduction to James Russell Lowell, at that time Minister of the United States to England.

In this letter Mr. Blaine speaks of Mr. Harrison as a "prominent, reputable and public-spirited citizen of Philadelphia." He adds to this: "Mr. Harrison has been commissioned to proceed to England for the purpose of negotiating with the heirs of William Penn for the purpose of transfer of his mortal remains to

the United States." Mr. Blaine's views upon the subject are expressed in these words:

"It would be no less gratifying to the American nation itself, than to the citizens of Pennsylvania, and highly creditable to the public spirit and patriotic sentiments of a former native of Philadelphia, at whose sole expense the removal in question is to be prosecuted, should the efforts of Mr. Harrison be crowned with success. I have, therefore, to cordially commend him to your favorable consideration, in connection with his proposed visit to England, and to request that you will extend to him every assistance, compatible with your official duties, which it may be possible for you to contribute toward the successful attainment of his mission while abroad."

Mr. Lowell did all that was in his power, but the mission of Mr. Harrison seemed doomed to failure from the start. The old Quakers of Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, were opposed to the removal. Penn was buried with his two wives in the ancient cemetery, and they could see no reason for disturbing the remains. "Where the tree falls,

there shall it remain" seemed to be their sentiment. But here is the formal letter of refusal which was handed to Mr. Harrison:

"The trustees of Jourdan's meeting house and burial ground have received the application made on behalf of the Governor and Legislature of Pennsylvania for permission to remove the remains of William Penn, supposing that they yet exist, from their present resting place to the city of Philadelphia.

"The trustees of the said burial ground have carefully considered the application, not only from their own standpoint as members of the Society of Friends, but in a dispassionate and cosmopolitan spirit, and they have arrived at the conclusion that it is their duty to refuse it.

"The quiet and retired spot in which the remains of William Penn at present rest was selected by him during the vigor of life as the burial place of himself and his family. He is there surrounded by his two wives and five children and many of his most intimate friends. The trustees believe that the choice thus made was altogether in accordance with the example of his unostentatious life. They

believe also that the removal of his remains to a transatlantic home, amid the pomp and circumstance of a State ceremonial, accompanied in all probability by military honors and parade, would be utterly repugnant to his known character and sentiments.

"The Society of Friends, to whom the trustees are now called upon to act, have always objected to the use of elaborate monumental tombstones. For more than a century a rough plan of the graveyard was the only available clue to the spot where the remains of William Penn and his family were laid. Guided by this plan, about twenty years ago small headstones, bearing the names of the interred and the date of burial, were placed over the existing mounds, but it is more than doubtful whether they indicate in each case the exact spot of interment.

"It need hardly be said that the memory of William Penn is honored and revered among the Society of Friends in England as sincerely as in America, and the trustees cannot admit that America possesses a priority of claim to the custody of his remains.

"It is true that he became the successful

founder of the State of Pennsylvania, and that the great sagacity and unswerving Christian principles which guided his transactions as colonist and Governor have gained for him the respect and admiration of the civilized world, but William Penn was born and died in England. In England his religious character was mainly formed. In England he was engaged for many years as a minister of the gospel and became conspicuous among the founders of a society, the influence of which has been largely exercised for good both in this country and in America, and, lastly, it was here that he dared to suffer persecution of his religious profession and took his part manfully in laying the foundation of that system of religious liberty which we now enjoy.

"The trustees are desirous of fulfilling in all respects the wishes of the society with whose interests they are entrusted, but with this reservation, they consider that they are the sole custodians of Jourdan's Burial Ground.

"They have received communications from many influential members of the Society of Friends and also from the lineal descendants of William Penn on both sides of the Atlantic,

earnestly desiring that the proposal made by the Legislature of Pennsylvania may not be acceded to, and they believe that they are largely supported in the decision they have arrived at by the opinion of a very large proportion of those who have a right to be consulted in the matter.

“The trustees think that in carrying out the project one link in the chain which unites the two countries would be broken. Their desire is that the bond may be strengthened and that the only rivalry existing between them may be the promotion of those things which tend to peace and amity and the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom.

“It is therefore from no feeling of discourtesy towards those who initiated the movement, but from a strong conviction of the soundness of the objections herein stated that they feel themselves compelled to refuse the application.”

The finality of the tone of this letter annoyed Commissioner Harrison. He had gone to England for the express purpose of discussing the question with the trustees of the

Jourdan's Burial Ground, and to be told at the outset that there was nothing to discuss was rather discouraging. He said so, and he also said that he considered he had been treated with discourtesy. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the letter of refusal had been written before Mr. Harrison had the opportunity of addressing the trustees.

There is another phase of the matter that was mentioned in the formal letter, and which was expressed publicly on other occasions, and that was the aversion of the members of the Society of Friends to the display that would have accompanied the removal of the remains from the modest cemetery in England to the City Hall in Philadelphia. No program was arranged in advance, of course, but it is no secret that the ceremonies would have been of an elaborate character. If permission for the transfer had been obtained, a warship would have been sent to England for the purpose of bringing the ashes of Penn to America. Now the Quakers or Friends are noncombatants, and utterly opposed to war, and the sight of the remains of their most notable adherent being carried across the

ocean amid the panoply of war would have been distasteful to most of them.

Naturally there would have been a great demonstration in Philadelphia, and in order to give it color the National Guard would probably have been in attendance. In a word, an affair of this kind could scarcely have been conducted without a vast amount of display. Finally, after the ashes of the founder had been placed in the crypt or last resting place, it would have become an object of interest to tourists and the people generally. The thought of that could not help but be objectionable to the trustees who, as a matter of principle, were strongly opposed to ostentation in any shape or form.

Another touch, showing that human pride may exist even among those who make a practice of humility, was the statement that the memory of Penn was honored and revered among the members of the Society of Friends in England "as sincerely as in America."

V

WHERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED

THE moment you enter Christ Church on Second Street above Market you are in an atmosphere breathing 229 years of American history. They builded well in the old days because in spite of the fact that this sacred edifice was erected in 1695 it has a freshness and a solidity which is wanting in many modern buildings. There is a repose and a restfulness about the interior that is probably partly due to the simplicity of the colonial architecture. But even the least imaginative must feel the sensation that comes from stepping out of the busy street into the quiet aisles—the sensation of bridging in a few steps two centuries of Philadelphia life.

If you should happen to enter southeast of the nave you will be going in by "The Washington Door," through which the first President was accustomed to enter the church. If you follow his footsteps in imagination you

will find yourself walking over to the middle aisle and thence to pew number 58, where he was in the habit of sitting with Martha Washington. From 1790 to 1797, while he was in the Presidency, Washington made it his custom to occupy this pew.

He had distinguished company, for a few pews in front of him sat Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, the man who handled the funds of the struggling colonists with masterly ability, and then neglected his personal affairs so pitifully that he was thrown into prison for debt. Farther back is the pew of Benjamin Franklin, who was a member of the church committee that built the rare spire. History is discreetly silent about the number of times the sage and philosopher occupied that pew, but it has since been used with more or less regularity by the members of his family. On the other side of the middle aisle is the pew of Francis Hopkinson, secretary of the Continental Congress, and that of his son, Joseph Hopkinson, author of the hymn of "Hail, Columbia." And a few feet away sat Betsy Ross, the maker of the first American flag. Here, on many occasions, might have

been found a quorum of the Colonial Congress.

Watson has given us a vivid picture of Washington as he drove to the church in his famous coach.

"On Sunday mornings, at the gate of Christ Church, the appearance of this coach, awaiting the breaking up of the service, never failed in drawing a crowd of persons, eager, when he came forth, for another view of this nobleman of nature—and stamping with their feet in freezing weather upon the pavement to keep them warm the while. The indistinct sounds of the concluding voluntary upon the organ within was no sooner heard by them than the press became formidable, considering the place and day. During the slow movement of the dense crowd of worshipers issuing from the opened door, and the increased volume of sound from the organ, it was not necessary for the stranger visiting the city, and straining his vision to behold the General for the first time, to inquire of his jostled neighbor—which is he? There could be no mistake in this matter, Washington was to be known at once.

"His noble height and commanding air, his person enveloped in what was not very common in those days, a rich blue Spanish cloak, faced with red silk velvet, thrown over the left shoulder; his easy, unconstrained movement; his inimitable expression of countenance, on such occasions beaming with mild dignity and beneficence; his patient demeanor in the crowd, emerging from it, to the eye of the beholder, like the bright silvery moon from the edge of a dark cloud; his gentle bendings of the neck, to the right and left, paternally and expressive of delighted feelings on his part; these, with the appearance of the awed and charmed and silent crowd of spectators, gently falling back on each side as he approached, unequivocally announced to the gazing stranger, as with the voice of one trumpet-tongued—behold the man!"

Even the casual passerby is attracted by the noble simplicity of the building. Dr. John Kearsley, the elder, an eminent physician of the city, was responsible for the impressive architectural style of Christ Church. The Philadelphia Steeple, as it was once called, is of peculiar beauty, symmetry and gracefulness.

ness. It has been copied in the Episcopal Cathedral in Quebec.

Joseph Sansom, a Philadelphian who traveled much in his time, said of Christ Church: "It is the handsomest structure of the kind that I ever saw in any part of the world uniting in the peculiar features of that species of architecture the most elegant variety of forms with the most chaste simplicity of combination."

The chime of eight bells in the tower rang out in response to the message of the Liberty Bell on that momentous Fourth of July in 1776. They were manufactured in England and brought here long before the thought of independence ever entered the minds of the colonists. When the British took possession of Philadelphia and the American Army went to Valley Forge the treasured Liberty Bell was carried away for safekeeping. At the same time the bells of Christ Church were removed. But, fortunately, both the Liberty Bell and the chimes of the old church were restored to their original places. The sweet strains from the tower are familiar to most Philadelphians, and they have also been cele-

brated in poetry and prose. Longfellow calls attention to them in "Evangeline." In the last lines of that famous poem he pictures his heroine engaged in acts of mercy:

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corri-
dors cooled by the East wind,
Distant and soft on her ears fell the chimes
from the belfry of Christ Church,
While intermingled with these, across the
meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the
Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

A curious mingling of the past and present is felt in this venerable edifice. The pilgrim, as he walks about the aisles of the church, passes over the dust of those who helped to make the place notable. For here beneath the brick flooring rests the dust of many of the old members of the congregation. General Charles Lee, of the Continental Army, is interred beside the southwest door. Near by was also laid to rest, shortly after the Battle of Princeton, General Hugh Mercer. Bishop White, the first of the American Episcopate, derived from the Church of England, is buried

in the spot in front of the chancel rails, and his Episcopal chair still stands behind the altar.

If we wander about the churchyard we shall discover the tombs of seven signers of the Declaration of Independence. Among others are Peyton Randolph, first president of the Continental Congress; Commodores Truxton, Bainbridge and Biddle; Eleanor, daughter of Nelly Custis, the daughter of Martha Washington; Rev. Dr. Thomas Coombe, chaplain to King George III; Rev. Dr. Robert Blackwell, chaplain of the American Army at Valley Forge, and Rev. Dr. William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

In considering the colonial details of this edifice we are reminded that the bricks of which it is built and most of the materials were brought from England. The great candelabra in the center is really intended for candles and has hung in the same place for a century and three-quarters. The pulpit, a fine example of artistic simplicity, was built in 1769. And so it goes with almost everything in the building. The Communion silver, presented by Queen Anne, dates from 1708,

the organ from 1765 and the baptismal font from 1695. The lover of the antique will surely revel in an examination of these rare works of art.

Pilgrims who visit Independence Hall and Christ Church will be struck by the similarity of many of the phases of the architecture of the two buildings. There is a reason for this. Independence Hall was erected by a committee of three, all parishioners of Christ Church, and its architect, Judge Andrew Hamilton, was a member of the vestry of the parish. We can easily imagine how they utilized the simplicity of the one in the building of the other.



THE COURTYARD OF OLD ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

VI

A SHRINE AMID THE SKYSCRAPERS

IF YOU have a love of the quaint and a reverence for the higher things of life, do not fail to go down to Willing's Alley and pay a visit to old St. Joseph's Church.

Willing's Alley, named after one of the old families of Philadelphia, is a narrow lane running from Third to Fourth Street, just below Walnut. The general offices of coal and railroad companies loom up on all sides of this picturesque little thoroughfare, making it seem like a canyon in the heart of the business section. You walk along Willing's Alley and find blank walls and occasional windows looking out from counting rooms until you unexpectedly come to an archway, bordered with crumbling brownstone, and you find yourself in a little courtyard which leads to the oldest shrine of Catholicism in the Quaker City. It is this courtyard which is pictured in the drawing by Frank Taylor on another page.

All of the surroundings have a venerable appearance. The building on the right as you enter the arched gateway is used as a rectory, but long ago it was home of St. Joseph's College, which has expanded to such an extent that a two-million-dollar plant is now being erected in Overbrook on the outskirts of the city. If you go through this old residence you will be constantly confronted with details in the way of stairways and mantles that carry you back to colonial days. It has been renovated on several occasions, but the air of antiquity clings to it with loving persistence.

The church itself seems like a spiritual oasis in this desert of modern business. It is a brick building, and on the outside is a niche containing a marble bust of Father Barbelin who was for some thirty years pastor of the church. Liberty of conscience was proclaimed by Penn, and this was resented by some who asserted that if the founder of Pennsylvania had any religion at all he was a Catholic. To this he replied:

"If the asserting of an impartial liberty of conscience, if doing to others as we would be done by, and an open avowing and steady

practicing of these things at all times and to all parties will justly lay a man under the reflection of being a Jesuit or Papist of any rank, I must not only submit to the character, but embrace it, too."

The original chapel of St. Joseph's Church was built in 1732, and a short time afterwards Mass was celebrated there to a congregation variously estimated at from eleven to forty persons. Rev. Joseph Greateon, S.J., was the first rector. In July, 1734, Governor Patrick Gordon informed the Provincial Council that he was "under no small concern" to learn that the Catholics were openly holding services in the city. He conceived the public exercise of that religion to be contrary to the laws of England. The matter was discussed at various meetings of the Council, but nothing was done about it because the members were at a loss just what to do.

A year or two later a correspondent of the *London Magazine* and *Monthly Chronologer* writes in this fashion of the little chapel:

"A small specimen of a notable step which the people of that profession have taken towards the propagation of Popery abroad

has come to my notice, and as I have it from a gentleman who has lived many years in Pennsylvania, I confide in the truth of it. In the town of Philadelphia, in that colony, is a public Popish chapel, where that religion has free and open exercise and in it all the superstitious rites of that church are as avowedly performed as those of the Church of England are in the Royal Chapel of St. James'. And this chapel is not only open upon fasts and festivals, but is so all day and every day of the week, and exceedingly frequented at all hours either for private or public devotion. This chapel, slightly built, and for very good reasons, is small at present, though there is much more land purchased around it for the same pious purposes than would contain Westminster Abbey and the apartments, offices, etc., thereunto belonging."

It is interesting to note that old St. Joseph's is still open "all day and every day in the week." From this pioneer church of the faith in Philadelphia it has grown until the Catholic population of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia is now over 750,000.

Rev. Robert Harding succeeded Father

Greaton in 1750, and later he had as his assistant Rev. Ferdinand Farmer. This last-named priest is described as "tall and upright, of a ruddy, pleasing countenance; graceful in manner and fluent in conversation; full of bon homie and anecdotes. In his deportment he was gentle, like his Model, but showing by the bright flash of his light grey eyes that he could feel for his Master's honor and defend His cause."

Father Farmer was an astronomer and a philosopher and on familiar terms with the literary men and the leading citizens of Philadelphia. He was one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. During his time the original chapel was razed and a larger one erected. The congregation was growing in size all the time, and eventually the members aided in the erection of St. Mary's Church, which still stands on Fourth Street below Locust. The first occasion upon which Congress attended a Catholic Church was at the funeral of Monsieur Du Condroy, a French engineer. He had been made Inspector-General of the American Army, and was drowned

while crossing the Schuylkill River while on the way to join Washington.

On Sunday, November 4, 1781, a Mass of Thanksgiving is said to have been sung in honor of the victory at Yorktown. It was attended by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse. It has always been supposed that this event took place at St. Joseph's Church, but Martin I. J. Griffin, who was a zealous delver into the past history of Philadelphia, insists that it took place at St. Mary's Church.

One notable incident about which there can be no question was when Bishop Conwell, while living at the rectory of St. Joseph's, baptized Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Charles Bonaparte and his wife the Princess Charlotte Julia. Joseph, formerly King of Spain, was the godfather, and the godmother was Letitia, mother of Emperor Napoleon. The godmother was represented by proxy. The ex-King of Spain on that occasion presented Bishop Conwell with a diamond episcopal ring that had been the property of the famous Cardinal Ximenes.

In 1821 the church was enlarged, and a few

years later steps were taken for the erection of a new and more commodious church. The new building was dedicated in 1839, and has served one generation after another. Many of the families who were born and raised in this parish have removed to other parts of the city, but it is a notable fact that their affection for the old place has never waned, and even today they come from long distances in order to attend the services.

As the gossipy, and not altogether good-natured correspondent of the London newspaper wrote nearly two hundred years ago it is frequented at "all hours" by those who wish a few minutes of solitude and prayer. The old-fashioned galleries, and the plain pulpit bespeak earlier generations, but the tranquillity found there is the atmosphere that has always been characteristic of the place. The red lamp burns always before the tabernacle, and the wayfarer who enters here finds himself far removed from the noise and the bustle of the modern world. It is one of the rare spots of the city, this old shrine nestling amid the skyscrapers.

VII

WHERE THE DECLARATION WAS WRITTEN

THOUSANDS of persons hurry past the bank building at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets, but only a few notice a bronze tablet on the Market Street side of the structure which states that in the dwelling which originally stood on this site Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence.

It was first called No. 230 High Street, but it afterward became 700 Market Street, and it is certain that in a room on the second story of that dwelling the great Virginian penned the immortal document which changed the history of the world. Jefferson was thirty-three years old when he wrote the Declaration, and Thomas Donaldson, who was active in discovering the history of the house in which it was written, declared that: "Excepting the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten

Commandments it is the most frequently read and quoted composition in this Republic."

It is a curious fact that four different houses in Philadelphia were once pointed out as having sheltered Jefferson while he was composing this great State paper. They were as follows:

The Indian Queen Inn, on the west side of Fourth Street near Market. It was torn down in 1851.

The brick house on the west side of Seventh, south of Market, and occupied and known in 1897 as Kelly's Oyster House.

The brick storehouse at 700 Market Street, torn down in 1897 and now part of the stone building used by the Penn National Bank.

The brick storehouse at 702 Market Street, now the western half of the building occupied by the same bank.

For a long time there was a controversy over whether Jefferson lived in the building at 700 Market Street, or the one at 702 Market Street. The bank, as will be noticed, oc-

cupies the site of both these old houses, and when the time came to mark it the bronze shield stating that this was the site on which stood the dwelling in "which Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence" was placed directly in the center of the Market Street side of the bank building so that it covers the site of both the old dwellings.

This was a compromise, but whether it can be called a happy one is questionable. At all events there is now no reasonable doubt that Jefferson had rooms on the second story of the corner house, and that it was there that the great document first saw the light of day.

By rare good fortune we have a letter from Mr. Jefferson concerning the identity of the house in which the Declaration was written. It is addressed to Mr. James Mease, of this city, and says:

"It is not for me to estimate the importance of the circumstances concerning which your letter of the 8th makes inquiry. They prove, even in their minuteness, the sacred attachments of our fellow-citizens to the event of which the paper of July 4, 1776, was but

the Declaration, the genuine effusion of the soul of our country at that time. Small things may, perhaps, like the relics of saints, help to nourish our devotion to this holy bond of our union and keep it longer alive and warm in our affections. This effect may give importance to circumstances, however small. At the time of writing that instrument I lodged in the house of a Mr. Gratz, a new brick house, three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and bedroom ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper particularly.

“So far I state from written proof in my possession. The proprietor, Gratz, was a young man, son of a German and then newly married. I think he was a bricklayer and that his house was on the south side of Market Street, probably between Seventh and Eighth Streets, and if not the only house on that part of the street, I am sure there were few others near it. I have some idea that it was a corner house, but no other recollections throwing any light on the question or worth communication.”

This communication was written in 1825, or almost half a century after the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. It is natural that Jefferson might have been mistaken about some of the details, but the letter goes to confirm the contention that the Declaration was penned in the old house on the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets. The dwelling was built by Jacob Graff, Jr., and it was rented to Jefferson by Graff instead of Gratz.

At that time the young Virginian was a fine looking man who had already made his impress upon Washington, Franklin, Madison and Monroe. He was spoken of as "red-headed and freckled," but this was a slight exaggeration. He was freckled, but his hair might be more properly described as reddish-brown. He was tall and had narrow shoulders; his hair was parted in the middle and his nose was inclined to "turn up." He had blue-gray eyes that won the confidence of those who met him for the first time, and he spoke slowly and with a musical accent. He nearly always dressed in gray, wore a wide white

necktie and a tall collar, and a low, black slouch hat.

If you will try to visualize this description you will probably come to the conclusion that this man did not present any of the outward marks of genius, or even of greatness. That was the impression he left upon Mr. Graff and those who came in contact with him at the time of the making and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. But the feeling he instilled into the men and women of that period was one of confidence. They felt that here was a man who could be trusted. He was gentle and loving with all, was rarely known to show anger and was noted for the consideration he displayed toward the poor and those who were below him in social and political rank. These traits remained with him after he was elected President of the United States, and until he died.

It is interesting to note that Jefferson retained his friends even after he had retired from public life. He had scores of visitors at Monticello. He was very human was this man who could pen a masterly document at one hour and the next lose himself in the

playing of the violin. He has been pictured to us as a rather stern statesman, but his nature was very affectionate. His marriage was a love match, but his wife died after only a few years of wedded bliss. When Thomas Jefferson died they found a locket fastened around his neck by a gold chain. That locket which had been carried for forty years contained a strand of his wife's brown hair.

Every foot of the ground between the modest dwelling at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets and the State House on Chestnut Street below Sixth is crowded with historic associations. Jefferson had chosen his lodgings with the purpose of being as near the State House as possible. It was only two short blocks from one to the other, and he traversed them many times a day. The story of how the Declaration of Independence came to be adopted has already been told, but few of us realize fully the amount of time and thought and debate which were expended upon the preliminary part of the work.

It was on June 7, 1776, that the delegates from Virginia, acting on instructions from

their constituents, moved that the Congress declare that the United Colonies were free and independent and absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that a Confederation be formed to bind them more closely together. The debate upon this motion was vigorous and far reaching. In order to expedite the work of Congress a committee was appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence. This committee consisted of Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. The word "appointed" is used in the reports of the proceedings, but as a matter of fact the members were elected by ballot and Thomas Jefferson was the first man selected and by a unanimous vote.

Instinctively the committeeman turned to Jefferson as the man to draft what was to prove one of the most important documents in all history. He had thought much upon the subject, he understood the grievances of the colonists, he had a clear brain and splendid reasoning powers and with all of these things the power of wielding a masterful pen. He knew that he was being called upon to present the cause, not only to the Congress but

to the world. And he sat down in the second-story room of that dwelling and proceeded with what might well be called his inspired task. He drew his paper toward him and wrote:

“When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.”

From that point his pen flowed on easily, and with occasional references to the notes which he had prepared to guide him he went ahead until he had reached the end of a document which has stood the test of time, a document which impresses with its moderation, and at the same time carries us away by its force and strength and invincible logic.

When the paper was finished Jefferson read

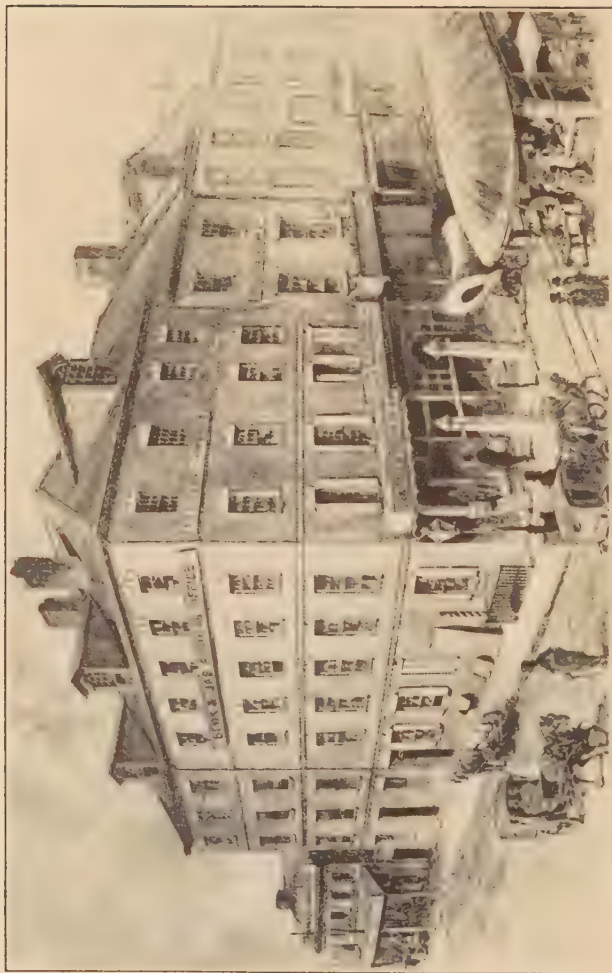
it aloud to Benjamin Franklin and the other members of the committee. Rarely had a great writer more shrewd and discriminating critics. The author of *Poor Richard's Almanac* himself possessed the power of forceful expression and he was able to appreciate the full value of what had been accomplished by his colleague. A few minor changes were suggested here and there, but the document as it was reported to Congress was the work of Thomas Jefferson. It was laid on the table, and a few days later—July 2nd—taken up for consideration.

Even at this late day it was necessary to proceed with caution in order to secure unanimity among the delegates. "The pusillanimous idea," says Jefferson, "that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still haunted the minds of many. For this reason, those passages which conveyed censure on the people of England were struck out lest they give them offense."

It is interesting and instructive to note the severely critical manner in which these sturdy fathers of the Republic scanned what we very

properly regard as a masterpiece. They were concerned with the matter more than the literary quality of the Declaration. The parts that were stricken out were in the interest of moderation of expression, and those words which were inserted were for the purpose of clearness and exactness. But all will agree that when it was finally accepted we still had a paper that was not wanting in vigor and the meaning of which could be precisely understood by anyone. Jefferson, explaining the reasons for some of the changes, says:

“The clause reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others. The debates having taken up the greater part of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th days of July, were, on the evening of the last day, closed; the Declaration was reported by the committee,



THE HOUSE WHERE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN

agreed to by the House, and signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson."

We are told that in the preparation of this paper Jefferson wrote "from the fullness of his mind without consulting one book." He had the genius for expressing his thoughts clearly, but in framing this document he had read the soul of the country. He felt what he thought, but also happily he expressed what was in the minds of his fellow-countrymen. He had mirrored their feelings. He had done a great work well.

On July 8th the Declaration of Independence was publicly read by Colonel John Nixon. He stood upon a platform in the State House yard, and as the now familiar words were repeated they were received with cheers and applause by the large crowd of people that had assembled in that historic spot. Mrs. Deborah Logan, writing of this event, says that the audience was "neither very numerous or composed of the most respectable class of citizens." There was a suggestion of the old Tory spirit in this comment, but it is certain that the mass of the people were delighted. There were bonfires, ringing bells

and other demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the Declaration.

Mr. Thomas Donaldson, many years afterwards, made a determined effort to save the old house in which the Declaration of Independence was written, but unfortunately was not able to arouse much interest in the project. The dwelling at Seventh and Market was erected in 1775 and demolished to make way for the bank building in 1883. It is a pity that it was not preserved, but we at least have the consolation of knowing where this matchless charter of our liberties was written, and the thought of what it means should make it possible to visualize the scene in that second-story room where the red-haired and freckle-faced patriot and statesman wrote the burning words which should last as long as liberty survives.

VIII

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

ON THE south side of Market Street, not far from Sixth, is the site on which stood the house in which George Washington lived when he was President of the United States.

At that time it was known as 190 High Street, and when it was secured was considered the only house obtainable that was suitable for the residence of the Chief Magistrate of the new Republic. Later, one half of it came to be used as a boarding house, and the other half as a confectionery store. These, in turn, were succeeded by the stores which now occupy that part of Market Street.

But if we stand on the corner and close our eyes it will not be difficult to visualize the scenes which occurred there during the formative days of the Nation. The house was substantial and surrounded by ample grounds on all sides. It was three stories, with a sloping

roof, and the entrance was through a wide hall into a large reception room.

If we watch that house carefully we shall see a state coach drive up to the curb. It is a handsome affair, said to have been given to Washington by Louis XVI, King of France, as a mark of his personal esteem and regard. It is cream colored, globular in shape, and capacious; ornamented in the French style with cupids supporting festoons and wreaths of flowers. The horses are driven by a German, tall and muscular, possessing an acquiline nose; he wears a cocked hat, square to the front, seemingly in imitation of his chief. His head is thrown back and he seems to be proud of his post. But we must leave the rest of this description to Watson, the analyst, the Pepys of old Philadelphia, who gossips delightfully, if not always with historic accuracy. Says Watson:

“One day in summer, passing up Market Street on a message, the reminiscent was struck with the novel spectacle of this splendid coach, with six elegant bays attached, postilions and outrider in livery, in waiting at

the President's door, and although charged to make haste back was determined to see the end of it.

"Presently the door was opened, when 'the beheld of all beholders,' in a suit of dark silk velvet of the old cut, silver or steel-hilted small sword at left side, hair full powdered, black silk hose and bag, accompanied by Lady Washington, also in full dress, appeared standing upon the marble steps—presenting her his hand he led her down to the coach, with that ease and grace peculiar to him in everything, and as remembered, with the attentive assiduity of an ardent, youthful lover; having also handed in a young lady, and the door clapped to, Fritz, the coachman, gave a rustling flourish with his lash, which produced a plunging motion in the leading horses, reined in by the postilions, and striking flakes of fire between their heels and the pebbles beneath—when

'Crack went the whip, round went the wheels,
'As though High Street were mad.'"

Washington's commanding figure and dignified presence made him a conspicuous mark

wherever he happened to go. The population of Philadelphia was small in those far-off days, and virtually every resident of the city knew the great man by sight. Today the President may leave the White House and walk about the streets of Washington without being recognized by everyone with whom he comes in contact, but that was next to impossible in Philadelphia in Washington's day. Watson tells us that it was the habit of General Washington to go every day at twelve o'clock to set his watch by Clark's standard time, at the southeast corner of Front and High Streets. "There all the porters took off their hats and stood uncovered till he turned and went back again. He always bowed to such salutation, and lifted his hat in return."

From another source we have an anecdote which helps to illustrate the natural dignity of Washington. Governor Morris once made a bet that he could treat the President in a familiar manner. He undertook it at the dinner table by taking occasion to pat the General on the shoulder, saying: "Old gentleman, do you believe that?" The silent look of

Washington was a rebuke which abashed the rash Morris, and caused a restraint to fall on the entire company. Again when the farmers of Alexandria dined Washington it was agreed in advance that none of them should rise when he entered the room. But there was something about the mere presence of the Father of his Country which awed them, and as he walked in they all voluntarily rose and remained standing until he had been seated. As a rule time and tradition have the effect of throwing a halo about the heads of great soldiers and statesmen, but it is a fact that Washington was venerated during his lifetime, and by his neighbors and fellow-citizens.

That old house on High Street was the scene of many notable social functions. Washington was in the habit of having formal levees on every second Tuesday afternoon. The President was very particular about these affairs, not because of himself, but rather on account of the dignity of his office which he always rated high. John F. Watson has given us a vivid picture of one of these receptions:

“At three o’clock the visitor was introduced to the large dining-room from which all seats had been removed. On entering he saw the manly figure of Washington, clad in black silk velvet, his hair in full dress; powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag; yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a black cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles, and a long sword. He always stood in front of the fireplace, with his face toward the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and his name distinctly announced. He received his visitor with a dignified bow, in a manner avoiding to shake hands—even with his best friends. As visitors came they formed a circle around the room; and at a quarter past three the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name, and exchanging a few words. When he had completed his circuit he resumed his first position, and the visitors approached him in succession, bowed and re-

tired. By four o'clock this ceremony was over."

Mrs. Washington's levees were every Friday evening, at which occasion the General was always present. It was an occasion for emulous and aspiring belles to essay to win his attention; but he was never familiar; his countenance uniformly, even there, preserved its habitual gravity. A lady of his family said it was also his habit when without company; and that she only remembered him once to have made a hearty laugh in a narrative and incident in which she was a party. The truth was, his deportment was unavoidably grave—it was sobriety—stopping short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration and a feeling of awe, rarely experienced in the presence of any man. His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate; not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purpose."

Watson, the annalist, rejoiced in the possession of a lock of the hair of Washington, and also a button taken from his military coat. These and other relics of the first Presi-

dent have been preserved either in Independence Hall or the rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. But more valuable, in a way, are the details which the historian has preserved of the private and official life of Washington. We have been given a picture of his receptions, and we have a companion portrait of the official dinners which were given at the High Street mansion. These dinner parties were given every Thursday at four o'clock precisely, and it was the rule never to wait for any of the guests. The company assembled in the drawing room ten or fifteen minutes before the hour for dinner.

"The President," says Watson, "always dressed in a suit of black, sword by his side, and hair powdered. Mrs. Washington, often, but not always, dined with the company; and if there were ladies present, they sat on each side of her. Mr. Lear, his private secretary, sat at the foot of the table, and was expected to be specially attentive to all of the guests. The President himself sat half-way from the head to the foot of the table, and on that side which would place Mrs. Washington, though distant from him, on his right hand. He

always asked a blessing on his own table, and in a standing posture. If a clergyman was present he asked him to do it.

“The dishes were always without covers; a small roll of bread enclosed in a napkin was on the side of each plate. The President generally dined on one dish, and that of a very simple kind. He avoided the first or second course as ‘too rich for me.’ He had a silver pint cup or mug of beer placed by his plate, of which he drank. He took but one glass of wine at dinner, and commonly one after. He then retired (the ladies having gone a little while before) leaving his secretary to tarry with the wine bibbers, while they might further remain. There were placed upon his table, as ornaments, sundry alabaster mythological figures of about two feet high. The center of the table contained five or six large silver or plated waiters. The table itself was of an oval shape; at the end were also some silver waiters of an oval form.”

It is instructive to recall the ceremonious manner in which the first President of the

United States lived, because it is so different from the picture which may have been formed by some of our European friends. The country was new, but it was far from being wild and wooly, a fact which cannot be too strongly emphasized. Washington, of course, was one of the wealthiest men in America at the time, and before and after the Revolution lived the life of a country gentleman. Indeed, he still has the distinction of having been one of the very few rich men ever elected to the Presidency. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, many generations afterwards, probably comes second, with a fortune rather below the million mark. A majority of the men who have occupied the White House had only ordinary means, and a number of them came up from actual poverty in the sense of being born without special advantages.

The house in which General Washington lived on Market or High Street had an interesting history. It belonged originally to Richard Peters, was the headquarters of General Howe at the time of the British occupation of Philadelphia, and later was used by Benedict Arnold. The man who was to

become a traitor to Washington and to the cause of the colonists lived in this house in a style of "unprecedented extravagance." It is significant that the Tories were all extremely fond of Arnold. He was the purchasing agent of the army, and in that post was known to be a shameless grafter. Eventually his greed and corruption became so scandalous that it was formally taken up by the Supreme Executive Council.

In the meanwhile, as it had been decided that Philadelphia should be the National Capital for a period of ten years—prior to its permanent removal to the District of Columbia—it became desirable to provide a permanent residence for the President of the United States. General Washington was seemingly satisfied with the house at 190 High Street, but the people and the officials felt that a mansion should be erected in order to give the Presidency the dignity to which they thought it was entitled. The Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet were living in private dwellings—most of them using the same houses as their offices. Vice-President

Adams occupied the Hamilton mansion at Bush Hill. Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson transacted public business at the northwest corner of Eighth and Market Streets. The Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, was at the southwest corner of Third and Chestnut Streets, in the old Pemberton mansion. This later became the heart of the financial center of the city, and remained such until the stock exchange removed west of Broad Street.

In 1790 the municipal corporation petitioned the Legislature to provide suitable accommodations for the President, and the result was an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to purchase a lot and erect a mansion. It is interesting as noting the western trend of things, even in those early days, that the act provided for a site "west of Ninth Street." A lot was obtained on the west side of Ninth Street below Market, costing about twenty-five thousand dollars, leaving the remainder for the building of the mansion. The foundations were laid shortly after that for a structure to be one hundred feet square, the construction being placed in the hands of Richard

Wells, Francis Gurney and John Hilzheimer. On the corner stone was inscribed: "This corner stone of the house for the accommodation of the President of the United States was laid on the 10th of May, 1792, when the State of Pennsylvania was out of debt. Thomas Mifflin then Governor of the State."

By a curious chain of circumstances the President's Mansion was never occupied by the President. It was not really finished until General Washington was about ready to quit office. On March 3, 1797, Governor Mifflin wrote to John Adams, the President-elect, saying that he would be happy to have him take possession of the mansion, with the understanding that the Federal Government should pay rent at the same rate that Mr. Adams would have to pay for any other suitable house in Philadelphia. Watson, the *Analyst*, tells us that Washington had not relished the idea of spending the great amount of money that would have been necessary to maintain this fine place, and it is quite likely that John Adams was not willing to go into his private purse for that expenditure.

At all events Adams declined to accept the

Ninth Street mansion, saying that he was doubtful whether he was at liberty to do so without an authorization of Congress. He leased the premises at 190 High, or Market, Street, which had been occupied by Washington, and lived there until the seat of Government was removed to Washington. Three years later the Pennsylvania Legislature passed a resolution authorizing the Governor to appoint commissioners to sell the President's house. The property was afterwards sold to the University of Pennsylvania for forty thousand dollars, and the building was torn down in July, 1829, and two buildings were erected on the same ground, one for the college and the other for the medical school. Thus it came about that the first house erected for the residence of the President of the United States was never used by him. So we shall have to look upon the plain but substantial home at 190 High Street as the first "White House," although actually that appellation can only be given to the charming residence in the city of Washington.

Most of us in thinking of the early days of the Republic are wont to associate them with

extreme simplicity, but as a matter of fact the early Philadelphians were treated to some gorgeous official demonstrations, conspicuous for colorful display and resplendent with ceremony. Take yourself back, for instance, to the morning of March fourth, 1793. Imagine General Washington in the High Street house preparing for his second inauguration. The splendid white coach draws up to the curb, drawn by six superb white horses. Washington for this occasion is dressed in a full suit of black velvet, with black silk stockings, and diamond knee-buckles. His shoes, "brightly japanned, are surmounted with large, square silver buckles. His hair is powdered and gathered behind in a black silk bag, on which is a bow of black ribbon. He carries in his hand a cocked hat, decorated with the American cockade, and wears a light dress sword in a green scabbard, with a richly ornamented hilt."

Contrast this with the inaugurations of the present day, and the opinion must be that we have taken to Jeffersonian simplicity with a vengeance. Even in these days there were men who murmured at the Presidential dis-

play. Jefferson had just returned from France with some of the advanced ideas of "Equality and Fraternity," and some of the agitators felt that we should try that sort of thing. Objection was made to the President's levees, the manner in which he dealt with the public, and, most curious of all, his use of a coach as a means of conveyance. One of the historians of the period says: "It was charged that he held himself aloof from the people, and that he would not visit the coffee house and mingle with the people. The old Assembly having postponed their ball until Washington's birthday, the action of the managers was criticized on the ground that it savored of undue deference. It was also urged that the officers of the militia ought not to wait on him on his birthday, and any celebration of that event was idolatrous. Notwithstanding these objections, guns were fired and bells run on the 22nd of February, and the usual parade of the militia took place. In the evening a ball and supper were given at Oellers hotel."

Could there be anything more nonsensical

than this charge of "idolatry"? In spite of the reverential attitude of most of the people toward Washington he was treated with great disrespect by the party leaders and party newspapers of his time. This was especially so at the time the so-called Citizen Genet came to this country as a representative of the French Revolutionists. In his endeavor to obtain the recognition of the American Government his insolence became intolerable. When he was presented to Washington he complained that a bust of Louis XVI, which he noticed in the vestibule of the President's house, was an insult to "his—Genet's—government" by whom the execution of Louis had been ordered. All of this gave the opponents of President Washington an opportunity to assail him. About this time, in a letter to Henry Lee, he complained that these attacks were "outrages on common decency." John Adams tells us that the people worked up by Genet "threatened to drag Washington out of his house and effect a revolution here" if he did not recognize the pretensions of the insolent French visitor.

In a letter to Jefferson, written in the sum-

mer of 1796, Washington complained that every act of his administration had been tortured and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations made "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even a common pickpocket."

But these attacks, while disagreeable, have long since been forgotten while the fame of Washington still survives, serene and undisputed. It was when the great soldier and patriot was about to lay down the cares of the Presidency that his fellow-citizens of that day and generation fully realized his great service to the Republic. We have a picture of his presence in Congress Hall on the day that John Adams was sworn in as his successor. The select audience was waiting when the word "Washington!" was heard near the entrance. "The word, repeated, flew like lightning through the Assembly, and the subsequent varied shouts of enthusiasm produced immediately such a sound as

'When loud surges lash the sounding shore.' "

After the inauguration there was a rush for the street in order to get another view of Washington. He proceeded down the north side of Chestnut Street, accompanied by Timothy Pickering. His destination was the Francis Hotel for the purpose of paying a visit of ceremony and congratulation to the new President. On arriving at this Inn on Fourth Street above Chestnut he passed in and the door closed behind him. Presently he emerged again, and the crowd gave a shout that could be heard a block away.

"The explosion of feeling from the crowds," says one writer, "sounded like a clap of thunder. Again Washington, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, stood uncovered before them. A deep silence ensued. He then bowed three times to the spectators, varying his position each time, which was returned by a shout from the crowd and the clapping of hands. Having done so, he slowly retired, seemingly in much agitation, and the grateful assembly gradually disappeared."

That ended the great and momentous public services of George Washington. He retired

to Mount Vernon, where his home became a sort of mecca for the Nation. And even now, so many generations after his death, it continues to be a national shrine.

IX

RARE OLD BEN FRANKLIN

ON THE terrace, midway between the two entrances to the gymnasium of the University of Pennsylvania on Thirty-third Street, stands a statue of Benjamin Franklin unique in conception and bold and original in execution, which conveys a new and wonderful impression of that many-sided man.

It depicts Franklin at the age of seventeen, entering Philadelphia for the first time, in 1723. This unusual bit of sculpture was modeled by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie and presented to the University founded by Franklin by the Class of 1904.

We have been accustomed to think of Franklin as the Sage and Philosopher, and this presentation of him in the flower of his youth comes in the nature of an agreeable surprise. He is shown with head erect and carrying a staff and a bundle, filled with fire

and ambition and ready to undertake the great adventure of life. Those who have read the incomparable autobiography will at once accept this heroic statue of Dr. McKenzie's as a reproduction of the real Franklin of that period. It is as if he had stepped out of the book. The story of how he landed in Philadelphia and walked up Market Street is familiar, and this presentation is based upon that episode. The autobiography is addressed by Franklin to his son. One sentence of it constitutes the inscription upon the north side of the fine pedestal of the statue:

I have been the more
particular
in this
description of my journey
that you may compare
such unlikely beginnings
with the figure
I have since made there

If this be vanity on the part of the printer and patriot you will have to make the most

of it. He says very frankly that though his pride may be scotched it cannot be killed. "In many cases," he writes in his own refreshing style, "it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his *vanity* among the other comforts of life."

Philadelphia teems with reminders of Franklin, and it is fitting that we should take this vivid presentation of the young man as the starting point of our little chat. Boston was the birthplace of Franklin, but he pulled up stakes and left the Hub in his early youth and this city became the scene of his triumphs. He was an adopted son, but if there ever was a Philadelphian, saturated with its traditions, familiar with its atmosphere and in complete harmony with the things which have contributed to its greatness, that man was Benjamin Franklin.

He has told us how he was compelled to leave his brother, and of the incidents of his journey here. He went to New York first, and found himself nearly three hundred miles from home, at the age of seventeen, without the least recommendation, or knowledge of

any person in the place, and very little money in his pocket. Failing to get a job with William Bradford the printer, and hearing that there was a chance of employment in Philadelphia, he set out for the Quaker City. He set out in a boat for Amboy, but a sudden squall tore the rotten sails to pieces and swept the vessel onto Long Island. After many hardships, during which he was taken with a fever from exposure, he resumed his journey on another boat, getting as far as Burlington. After a pause there he continued on to Philadelphia, arriving at Market Street wharf on a Sunday morning.

Consider the plight of this young man upon his entrance into the city where he was to win fame and fortune. He was in his working dress, his best clothes coming round by sea later. He was dirty and disheveled from being in the boat so long. His pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and he knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing and the want of sleep, he was also very hungry, and his whole stock of cash consisted of a single dol-

lar and about a shilling in copper coin, which he gave to the boatman for his passage.

Franklin has left us an imperishable account of that momentous day when he first set foot on the streets of Philadelphia. Read these words, classic in their simplicity:

"I walked to the top of the street, gazing about until near Market Street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had in Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other."

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she,

standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther."

Eventually he secured employment with Keimer, an unusual person who was engaged in the printing business. He obtained lodgings at the house of the Mr. Read who has been mentioned before. "My chest of clothes," he writes, "being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street." At this early stage in his career Franklin was fortunate enough to gain the favor of Sir William Keith, Governor of the province, who told him that if he would set up

as a printer he would procure for him the public business and do any other service in his power. The Governor even went so far as to write a letter to the father urging that he set him up in the printing business. Franklin made a visit to Boston for the purpose of obtaining the money to start the enterprise, but the elder man, with a shrewdness worthy of *Poor Richard* himself, decided that his son was too young to be entrusted with such a responsibility.

Eventually Franklin engaged in the "art preservative of all the arts" and became the publisher of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. After his marriage to Deborah Read his activities were unending and many-sided. He published *Poor Richard's Almanac*, was Postmaster of Philadelphia, started the Philadelphia Library, became the father of what is now the great University of Pennsylvania, founded the American Philosophical Society and was clerk of the General Assembly. During this time he invented the Franklin stove, aided in improving the police and fire departments and

the city lighting, made discoveries in electricity, invented the lightning rod, made double spectacles with lenses curved for near and far sight, constructed a clock which showed hours, minutes and seconds, contrived an artificial arm for taking books from shelves out of reach, invented a mangle for pressing clothes, and conceived a musical instrument which it was hoped might—but which did not—supersede the piano and harpsichord.

In 1753 he was appointed Postmaster-General for the Colonies, and some twenty years later went abroad to represent the interests of America in Europe. The fine statue of Franklin which stands on the Chestnut Street side of the Post Office building was fittingly placed there in view of the fact that he had been postmaster of the city and Postmaster-General of the Colonies. He was on the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence, and was one of the signers of that great document. It is difficult to fully appreciate what he did for the new Republic in France. He was a matchless diplomat, and during the Revolution he

secured for the struggling colonists the loan of many millions of francs, besides winning the sympathy and support of the French Government and the French people.

All of these things come to mind as we gaze upon the artistic statue at Ninth and Chestnut Streets. After the war he remained in Paris to sign the treaty of peace. In 1785, after spending nine years in France he asked Congress for permission to return home to his beloved Philadelphia. The request was granted, and although he was then nearly eighty years old the citizens of the municipality induced him to take on other duties. A very vivid picture of Franklin in his old age is presented by Manasseh Cutler who called upon him in his Philadelphia home in 1787.

"Dr. Franklin," he writes, "lives in Market Street, between Second and Third Streets, but his house stands up a courtyard at some distance from the street. We found him in his garden, sitting upon a grass plat under a very large mulberry tree, with several other gen-

tlements and two or three ladies. There was no curiosity in Philadelphia which I felt so anxious to see as this great man, who had been the wonder of Europe as well as the glory of America. But a man who stood first in the literary world, and had spent so many years in the court of kings, particularly in the refined Court of France, I conceived would not be very easy of access, and must certainly have much of the air of grandeur and majesty about him. Common folks must expect only to gaze at him from a distance, and answer such questions as he would be pleased to ask. In short when I entered his house I felt as if I was going to be introduced to the presence of an European monarch."

"But how were my ideas changed when I saw a short, fat, trunched old man, in a plain Quaker dress, bald pate, and short white locks, sitting, without his hat, under the tree, and, as Mr. Gerry introduced me, rose from his chair, took me by the hand, expressed his joy to see me, welcomed me to the city, and begged me to seat myself close to him. His voice was low, but his countenance open, frank and

pleasing. He instantly reminded me of Captain Cummings, for he is nearly of his pitch, and no more of the air of superiority about him. I delivered him my letters. After he had read them, he took me again by the hand, and, with the usual compliments, introduced me to the other gentlemen of the company, who were most of them members of the convention. Here we entered into a free conversation, and spent our time most agreeably until it was dark. The tea table was spread under the tree, and Mrs. Bache, a very gross and rather homely lady, who is the only daughter of the Doctor and lives with him, served it out to the company. She had three of her children about her, over whom she seemed to have no kind of command, but who appeared to be excessively fond of their Grandpapa."

Franklin suffered great pain during this last days, but he was never more self-contained and philosophical than when he lay dying. Though past eighty, his mind was as clear as a bell, and he continued to take a keen in-

terest in the affairs of the day while at the same time fully conscious that he was about to embark on that greatest of all his adventures. The jest he made on that solemn occasion is still remembered. A friend who was greatly disturbed over the suffering of the sick man ventured to advise him to change his position in bed so that he might breathe easier. Franklin, as quick as a flash, retorted:

“A dying man can do nothing easy.”

Those who supposed that Doctor Franklin was not a religious man were undeceived by his words and actions at that supreme moment of his life. When some of those by his bedside expressed pity for his pains he said:

“These pains will soon be over. They are for my good, and, besides, what are the pains of a moment in comparison with the pleasures of eternity?”

He had a picture of Christ on the Cross placed upon a table where it would be convenient for him to look at it while he lay in bed. He pointed to it with great reverence as he said:

“That is the picture of One who came into

the world to teach men to love one another.”

During the days the sage lay on his bed of sickness, from which he knew he was not to rise again, he received many visitors. He chatted cheerfully with all of them and seemed grateful to think that he should be remembered in his hour of extremity. But the man who was welcomed most of all was his friend and associate, Thomas Jefferson. The author of the Declaration of Independence had come home from Paris, where he had been engaged in important matters of state. As soon as he heard of the serious illness of Franklin he hurried to his bedside. The meeting between the two men was very affectionate. They had much to say to one another, and in spite of his enfeebled condition, Franklin insisted upon discussing the relations between the newly formed government of the United States and Europe. It was in March, 1790, that Jefferson paid his visit to Franklin, and he gives this vivid account of that interesting interview:

“I called on the venerable and beloved Franklin. He was then on the bed of sick-

ness from which he never rose. My recent return from a country in which he left so many friends, and the perilous convulsions to which they were exposed, revived all the anxieties to know what part they had taken, and what had been their course and their fate. He went over all of them in succession, with a rapidity and animation almost too much for his strength. When all of his inquiries had been satisfied and a pause took place, I told him I had learned with much satisfaction that he had been occupied in preparing for the world a history of his busy life.

“‘I cannot say much of that,’ he replied with a smile, ‘but I can give you a sample of what I shall leave.’

“He then directed his little grandson, who was standing by the bedside, to hand him a paper from the table to which he pointed. He did so, and the doctor, putting it into my hands, directed me to read it at my leisure. I thanked him for giving it to me, and said that as soon as I read it I would see that it was returned to him. But he waved the promise aside as though to say that it was for me to

keep. It was an intimate account of his negotiations with Lord Howe, in London, in 1776. I read the paper with the keenest interest and afterward returned it."

Curiously enough that valuable and historic document passed from view. It was a rare paper and it would be interesting to know if it is in existence.

Jefferson called at the Franklin home several times after that interview and was most solicitous concerning the condition of his compatriot. The two men had much in common, and were in a peculiarly advantageous position to understand and appreciate the valuable service which each had rendered to the new Republic.

Bulletins were issued from time to time describing the condition of Doctor Franklin, and were published in the newspapers of the day. Crowds assembled about the house in order to obtain the latest news concerning the distinguished patient. There was no question that Doctor Franklin was the leading citizen of Philadelphia. He was assuredly one

of the outstanding figures of the United States and of the world, and when his death was announced there was universal regret.

He was given a public funeral, one of the most imposing of its kind ever held in the Quaker City. The councils of the city, the Legislature of the State and Congress all adopted resolutions attesting the high esteem in which he was held.

But the mourning was not confined to this side of the Atlantic. There were memorial meetings in Paris and even in London, where the great genius of the remarkable man was fully appreciated.

There was an unusual scene in the French National Legislature. Mirabeau, the silver-tongued orator of those stirring times, electrified his hearers with his oration. His opening sentence still lives:

“Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of the divinity!”

Many eloquent things were said about the statesman, the printer, the philanthropist and



THE GRAVE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

the patriot, but we shall search the records in vain to find anything to compare with that spontaneous tribute from across the water.

Franklin was buried in Christ Church Cemetery, and those who are curious may see the time-worn stone which covers his remains in the section of the burying ground at the southeast corner of Fifth and Arch Streets. A part of the brick wall which encloses the cemetery has been removed and iron rails placed there so that the wayfarer may peer in and see the crumbling marble which marks the last resting place of the ashes of the philosopher and patriot. A simple inscription states that it is the tomb of Benjamin Franklin and Deborah, his wife.

In his early life, Franklin composed an epitaph which he hoped might be inscribed upon a stone over his remains. That was not to be, but it is such a rare composition and it so strongly sets forth the hope and expectation of immortality that it is worth reproducing in this little essay upon the homes and haunts of the great American.

The body
of
Benjamin Franklin
Printer
(Like the cover of an old book
Its contents torn out
and stript of its lettering and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms
But the work shall not be lost
for it will (as he believes) appear once more
In a new and more elegant edition
Revised and corrected
by
The Author

While Franklin was at Passy he had some compunction in reflecting that he spent time so idly. Speaking of this he adds that a voice came to him whispering:

"You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be so niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?"

A profound reflection from a thoughtful man. We cannot do better than leave the scenes of Franklin's earthly life and triumphs with these words in our minds.

X

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY

TO THE average Philadelphian Independence Hall is as familiar as the knob on his own front door, and it is given just about as little attention. He knows it is there and in a subconscious sort of way he is gratified that we should have such a priceless possession. But he does not feel called upon to talk about it, much less boast of it, any more than he would feel it a duty to tell his wife, twice each day, that he loved her as much as ever.

Most of us have heard the story of the Englishman and the American who met on an ocean liner. The one was from London, and his companion happened to be a man who was born and lived always in Philadelphia.

"Tell me about your Independence Hall," said the Englishman. "It is the one thing in America that I want to see above all else. What is it like?"

"Why," stammered the Philadelphian, "it is—it is—well, to be entirely truthful, I have never been in Independence Hall. But after I get home it will be the first place I'll go."

There was some general conversation, and then the American said casually:

"The place I was most anxious to see in London was Westminster Abbey. Much to my gratification it came up to my expectations. What do you think of the Abbey? Do you think it ever disappoints the visitor who has looked forward to seeing it?"

"The Abbey—the Abbey," said the Englishman, as though groping for a reply, "well, to be honest with you I'll have to admit that I've never been in the Abbey."

Possibly distance lends enchantment to the view, but it is a fact that many persons do not appreciate the treasures they have at their very doorsteps—aye, sometimes in their own homes. There are others so engrossed with the practical business of making ends meet in this work-a-day world that they have not had the opportunity to visit historic buildings and view quaint nooks and corners.

It is because of this attitude on the part of

so many Philadelphians that we may feel justified in revisiting the venerable edifice that stands out in such a dignified manner in the center of the block on Chestnut Street between Fifth and Sixth, flanked as it is by the two smaller buildings at the corners of the two streets. The fact that it is the best known building in the United States should raise it in our esteem, even though we be without a remnant of what is called local pride. The place has been restored several times, and it is certain now that it is as near like the original hall in which the Declaration of Independence was signed as it was possible for industry, good taste and human ingenuity to make it.

But the chief object in this stately edifice is the Liberty Bell, and it is that which brings visitors from all parts of the United States, and from remote countries in Europe. If the building itself is well known the bell is even more so. The moment we gaze at it on its stand in the south part of the corridor we recognize the old relic. It has been made familiar by pictures and descriptions from childhood. It has been said that every Amer-

ican-born boy has within him the possibility of becoming President of the United States. But that is one boy out of tens of millions. Everyone of these, as soon as he is able to read, sees the picture of the Liberty Bell in his first reader. Nor are the girls deprived of this pleasure, and as a consequence those who come to Philadelphia and see the actual bell and place their hand on it reverently, know and feel that they are meeting an old friend.

As we press our fingers on the edges of this weather-beaten old bell we are reminded of its interesting and romantic history. It was in February, 1750, that the Assembly authorized the erection of a building on "the south side of the Statehouse to contain a staircase, with a suitable place for hanging a bell." This included the tower which is the foundation of the existing steeple. Having prepared a place for the bell the next move was to get the bell. And by one of those queer twists of fate the bell which was to ring out the news of our independence of Great Britain was actually cast in the British Isles. Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly, wrote to Robert

Charles, of London, authorizing him to purchase for the use of the province a good bell of about 2,000 pounds weight. In his letter he said:

"Let the bell be cast by the best workmen, and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words in large letters shaped around it, viz.:

"BY ORDER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA, FOR THE STATE HOUSE IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, 1752.

"And underneath, PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF. Lev. XXV 10."

The selection of this text was surely prophetic of what was to come in the comparatively near future. At all events the bell was made according to order. It weighed a little more than the weight designated, and was received in Philadelphia about the end of August, 1752. Then there was another incident which may be taken by some as an evi-

dence of the working of the long arm of coincidence. The first time the bell was tried it was found that it had been cracked. There was much discussion over this, and some of the members of the Assembly were in favor of sending it back to London. But two enterprising brass founders—Pass and Stow, of Philadelphia—expressed a desire to recast the bell. They did so, but this time the tone was found to be unsatisfactory. Once again the bell was broken and recast. This time it satisfied all requirements, and it was placed in the steeple in June, 1753.

In each instance when it was remade it contained the words "proclaim liberty throughout the land," and finally on July 8, 1776, it literally fulfilled the command which had been placed upon it when the original bell was made. From that day forth it was treasured by the people. When the British Army was approaching the city, in 1777, the authorities instinctively thought of the safety of the bell. Some of them feared that it might be melted by the enemy for the purpose of making ammunition which was scarce at that time. So the bell was hastily taken from its

place in the steeple and shipped to Allentown for safekeeping. After the British evacuated it was brought back and placed where it belonged.

In this connection it may be interesting to state that a number of bells have hung in the State House steeple at various times in its history, but that the identity of the Liberty Bell has always been carefully preserved. Thus in 1781 when the upper part of the steeple had become decayed and dangerous it was taken down by order of the Assembly. A small belfry was placed near the Chestnut Street roof of the building and in this another bell was placed and used on noteworthy occasions. In 1828 when a new steeple had been erected, a much larger bell was secured. It was not satisfactory and later another was purchased. This one weighed 4,600 pounds, and it answered all purposes. That bell was cracked. They seemed to crack bells in those days as easily as we crack eggs. Anyhow it was replaced by another, and this particular bell had the distinction of being in use for nearly half a century without being out of commission. It was not only used on all im-

portant public occasions, but it was also utilized as a fire bell. When the bell in the State House tower began to ring the people of the old town knew there was a serious fire somewhere in Philadelphia.

Eventually the Liberty Bell was given its place of honor, but it was only rung on significant days. It never failed to celebrate news of liberty from all parts of the world. Thus it pealed forth on the announcement of the passage of the act of the British Parliament emancipating the Catholics in 1828. It rang again on the 22d of February, 1832, in honor of the centennial anniversary of the birth of George Washington. There was a great celebration in the State House yard on that day, and there were speeches and the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

And now we come to an incident that has a bearing upon the present condition of the bell. All sorts of reasons have been given for the crack in the instrument. Some have gone so far as to blame it on the British. But whatever else they may have to their discredit they cannot be charged with vandalism on the bell. It was cracked on the morning of July 8, 1835,

while it was being tolled in memory of Chief Justice Marshall. The great jurist had died in Philadelphia, on the 6th of the month, and on this particular day his remains were being taken to the wharf to be conveyed to Richmond, Virginia, by steamboat. There was a distinguished procession, including the Mayor of the city, the Governor of the State, and the members of the City Council, and it was while this was going on that the mishap to the bell occurred.

If it had been taken out of commission at once the injury would not have been so pronounced, but, unfortunately, it was used for some time afterward, and as a result the fracture became pronounced. However, this is one of the features of the bell which makes it look different from other bells—that and the inscription which was cast into it by order of the Speaker of the Assembly. Those who are not familiar with the history of the relic, on seeing it, invariably ask how it came to be cracked. In any event the last time it was used was on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1843. Soon after that it was taken from the tower and placed on a temporary pedestal in

the corridor of Independence Hall. Later the present ornamental pedestal was made and there it rests at the present time.

The Liberty Bell has taken many journeys in its time. The longest one was when it crossed the continent for the purpose of being placed on exhibition in San Francisco. Stops were made at scores of cities and towns, and the old relic was given a reception which can only be described as overwhelming. It has made visits to Atlanta, St. Louis and New Orleans and everywhere met with reverence and affection.

But it is never more to leave the city of Philadelphia, because the City Council has decided that its proper place is in the hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed—the place from whence the glad tidings were proclaimed to the world.

Independence Hall may be said to date back to October, 1753. It was six years prior to that time when the Assembly appropriated ten thousand pounds for the purpose of erecting a State House on the site between Fifth and Sixth on Chestnut Street. Before that time the Assembly of Pennsylvania had been

meeting in private houses, in schoolrooms and in the Quaker meeting house. The main building which we now know as Independence Hall was started in 1732, after plans drawn by Andrew Hamilton, who was the Speaker of the Assembly and the chairman of the committee entrusted with the erection of the building. A year later the plans were altered to provide for the erection of two additional buildings to be two stories high, with hip roofs, and to stand at some distance from the main building.

Looking on these buildings now we cannot but admire the beauty and the simplicity with which they were designed. Yet there were endless disputes while it was being built, and the commissioners were subject to attack from all sides. Dr. John Kearsley, who made the plans for Christ Church, submitted a design for the State House, and he was very much offended when the Assembly accepted the Hamilton suggestions for the new building. At one time the feeling was so high that Hamilton threatened to resign, but he was induced to withdraw his resignation, and the much-talked-about building was finally com-

pleted. The Assembly met in the East room on the first floor. The West room on the same floor was given to the Supreme Court of the Province. The upper room of the main building was used for offices and for banquetting purposes. Some remarkable feasts of reason and flow of soul were held on this upper floor. The details would certainly shock some of our present-day patriots who regard the taking of a glass of wine as a sin.

It was in 1775, when the Second Congress came to Philadelphia, that the State House was first used for Federal purposes. There they remained until the Declaration of Independence was declared and also under the Confederation, with the exception of the time the city was occupied by the British. It was in this building on July 2, 1776, that the Second Continental Congress adopted the resolution of Richard Lee, of Virginia, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." A committee was appointed to draw up the necessary declaration to be presented to the

Congress for its consideration. Thomas Jefferson was appointed chairman of this committee, and the manner in which this committee performed its work has been told in our little talk about the writing of the Declaration of Independence, and the house where Jefferson lived when he drew up that immortal document.

It may surprise some sensitive persons to learn that for many years the upper part of the State House building was occupied as a sort of glorified dime museum. From 1802 until 1829 it was the home of "Peale's Museum of Natural History and Art." In the long room were one thousand specimens of birds and "four thousand insects, with minerals and portraits." Fish, alligators, serpents and reptiles were in the marine room. The yard of the State House was also utilized for this curious business. Living animals were placed in cages for the inspection of the "lovers of nature." One of the prize exhibits was a great eagle in a cage, on the front of which was a placard reading: "Feed me well; I live one hundred years."

Westcott tells us that when Peale first

opened the museum he kept the collection open on Sundays, and placed at the front door a placard upon which was the following inscription: "Here the wonderful works of the Divinity may be contemplated with pleasure and advantage. Let no one enter today with any other view." This attempt to keep open on Sunday met with opposition from the newspapers and many of the people. Mr. Peale was charged with being a Sabbath desecrator, but he defended his course with wit and vigor.

Eventually the city purchased the State House property, but up to that time Mr. Peale had paid no rent for the privilege. Probably this was on the theory that Peale, like our well-known P. T. Barnum, was engaged in educational work. However, when the city got control of the property in 1816 Mr. Peale was required to pay an annual rental of four hundred dollars. Two years later the Councils raised the rent to twelve hundred dollars a year. Evidently this tariff was too much because we read that in 1821 it was reduced to six hundred dollars a year. One of the provisions was that he should vacate the rooms he had in the lower part of the building. In

1824 Trumbull's picture of "Washington Resigning to Congress His Commission" was exhibited in the East room. This was justified on the ground that it was a patriotic subject. There were other exhibitions, however, that were far from being patriotic. Shortly after that another picture was shown there, called "The American Flag Unveiled in Mexico for the Protection of Joel R. Poinsett." Poinsett had been the United States Minister to Mexico. About that time Councils awoke to the fact that they were doing a cheap thing by making Independence Hall a show place, and thence afterwards its use was not permitted except for patriotic purposes.

There are men still living who can recall when State House square and the State House yard were the scenes of lively election contests. It was the central polling place, and once a year the place was crowded with thousands of citizens, voting and working for their favorite candidates. In these days the use of that building for election purposes would be frowned upon by many good persons, and yet it is safe to say that it could not be used for any higher purpose under our form of

government. Political meetings took place in front of the State House, and some of the most prominent men of the city, State and Nation have used the steps as a forum from which to send forth their views to their fellow-citizens.

The State House yard has been the scene of many elaborate celebrations. If it were possible to compile a history of all of these stirring events the telling would require a book in itself. One of the most notable ones was in 1752 when the King's Birthday was observed by a ball and supper. Two years later Governor Morris gave the same kind of an entertainment, which was attended by a vast crowd. Many big banquets have been given in the State House proper. Here Governor Denny dined as the guest of the city in 1736, and in the same room dinners were given to the Earl of London, to Richard Penn, to John Penn and to the members of the first Continental Congress after it had met in Carpenter's Hall in 1774. In these days we hear a great deal about the virtues of cold water, but water was conspicuous by its absence at these official banquets. Port and sherry

seemed to be the favorite drinks, although some of the sturdy old fellows who were prominent in the founding of the Republic insisted upon their bolt of Scotch whiskey. Conviviality was the order of the day, and we may be sure there were a few headaches in old Philadelphia on the morning after these dinners in the State House.

At the time of the battle of Germantown the State House and the yard were made into a prison and hospital. The British took their prisoners and locked them in the building. We are told that the British surgeons attended first to their own soldiers and afterwards to the wounded Americans. Deborah Logan, daughter of the one-time secretary to William Penn, thus pictures the event:

"Toward evening many wagons full of the wounded arrived in the city, whose groans and sufferings were enough to move the most inhuman wretch to sympathy. The American prisoners were carried to the State House lobbies, and had, of course, to wait until the British surgeons had dressed the wounds of their own men. But in a very short time the streets were filled with the women of the city,

carrying up every kind of refreshment which they might want, with lint and linen and lights in abundance. A British officer stopped one of these women in my hearing, and not ill-naturedly but laughingly reproved her for amply supplying the rebels, while nothing was carried to the English hospitals. "Oh, sir," replied she, "it is in your power to provide fully for them, but we cannot see our own countrymen suffer and not do something for them."

In front of Independence Hall stands a statue of George Washington. It replaces the marble statue of the great American which was placed there by the contributions of the school children of Pennsylvania. The weather was causing the marble to disintegrate, and for that reason it has been removed to a corridor on the second floor of the City Hall, at Broad and Market Streets. On the sidewalk near the new statue, in front of the Cradle of Liberty, is a metal star which marks the spot where Abraham Lincoln stood to raise a new American flag during the Civil War. The body of Lincoln reposed in state in Independence Hall during the period when it was being

conveyed to its place of burial in Springfield. The bodies of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams and others have been accorded similar honor.

Many of the most eminent men of the Nation have been given receptions in this historic place. Among them may be mentioned Presidents Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Lincoln and Grant. Henry Clay and General Winfield Scott were also received there. After the World War General Pershing was taken to this shrine of liberty in order that he might touch the rim of the Liberty Bell. When distinguished visitors come to Philadelphia they are invariably conveyed to Independence Hall. It is the highest mark of esteem that can be shown to the stranger within our gates. The World War was the means of bringing many eminent men to this country from all of the nations of Europe. Those who visited our own city were escorted to this history-making Hall. One of the most welcome was Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, who was in many ways the outstanding heroic figure of the war. Others included Marshal Foch, Albert, King

of the Belgians, Marshal Joffre, Clemenceau, Lloyd-George and some equally notable men and women whose names do not come to mind at the moment.

It is a shrine peculiarly sacred to the cause of religious and civil liberty, and the authorities of the city hold it in trust for the people of the United States and the world.

XI

OLD LANDMARKS AND MODERN PROGRESS

IT HAS sometimes been reproachfully said that Philadelphians place too much emphasis on old landmarks and too little on modern progress. But as a matter of fact they take a well-balanced view of both. Within recent years many hundreds of houses have been razed in order to obtain the space for the magnificent Parkway extending from the City Hall to the fine Art Museum in Fairmount Park. In a similar manner many scores of stores, warehouses and dwellings have been demolished to make room for the Philadelphia approach to the new Delaware River bridge. When the engineers made the preliminary plans for the bridge it was found that three of the oldest churches in the city would be affected, St. George's Methodist-Episcopal Church, St. Augustine's Catholic Church and St. John's English Lutheran Church. By a

rearrangement of the lines it was found possible to save the first two of these, although St. Augustine's loses its burial ground and a parish house, but as St. John's stood directly in the path of the bridge it could not be spared for posterity.

St. George's Church has sometimes been referred to as the "cradle of Methodism" in Philadelphia. It is much more than that. It is the pioneer church of the denomination in the United States, and, indeed, is claimed to be the oldest existing Methodist Church in the world. The exterior aspect of the old building on Fourth Street between Race and Vine has changed very little in the course of a century or more, but the interior, of course, has been renovated and modernized on several occasions.

It had an unusual beginning. It seems that the building was originally intended for a German Reformed congregation which had adopted the name of St. George. This was in 1763, and although it was partly finished difficulties arose which made it impossible to bring the work to completion. Seven years went by with no progress, and at the end of

that time, in 1770, the ground and the unfinished walls were purchased by the Methodists. The members of that denomination had been more or less active in the city prior to that time, and we read of their exhorters preaching from the State House steps. But now they possessed a regular place of worship, and it was regularly occupied from that day to the present. George Whitfield, the famous evangelist, had much to do with stirring up the fervor of the people at that time and he was followed by Rev. Mr. Pilmore, who was in charge of the church. In 1776, however, the congregation was placed at only 137 members. Contrast that with the hundreds of thousands of Methodists now enrolled in the churches of that denomination in Philadelphia.

It was far from easy sailing in the early days, and, to make matters worse the British army took possession of St. George's Church on their occupation of Philadelphia. They tore out the interior and utilized the edifice as a riding school. After the Revolution it required years to get the building into proper condition for purposes of worship. Even aside from that fact the customs of the denomina-

tion called for severe plainness. We are told that the pulpit was little more than a plain wooden box. But many revivals have taken place there, and the list of those who have preached in the church include such well-known names as Pillmore, Asbury, Coke, Whatcoat, Simpson and Berry.

Historic memories cluster so thickly about St. Augustine's Church that it is difficult to select the few that can be recalled in the limits of an ordinary article. It was one of the first parishes to be established north of Market Street in the city of Philadelphia, and it is pleasant to state that while Father Carr was superintending the erection of the noble edifice he resided in the rectory of St. Joseph's Church on Willing's Alley. He frequently consulted with the priests there, and the general attitude was one of helpfulness rather than rivalry. Thus, two of the great orders in the Catholic Church, the Jesuits and the Augustinians, worked in harmony for the general good.

The Rev. Matthew Carr, O. S. A., came to this city from Dublin; it was in 1795 that he began the project for a new Catholic church

in that section of Philadelphia. He collected from the members of St. Joseph's, St. Mary's and Holy Trinity parishes, and with gratifying success. That he had some job on hand may be believed when we are told that the new parish "included all of the city north of Arch Street." His subscription list included some of the most notable men in Philadelphia, and indeed, in the United States. One contained the familiar autograph of General George Washington; following the name of the "Father of Our Country," came those of Commodore Barry, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Stephen Girard. The corner stone was laid on the feast of Our Mother of Consolation, in 1796; among those who attended the ceremony were President Washington and Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania. It was not until 1801 that the church was blessed and ready for worship, and we may easily imagine that the intervening years were years of hard work and anxiety. But eventually a beautiful Romanesque structure graced the west side of Fourth Street, and with it came a corresponding growth of Catholicity in the Quaker City. Father Carr built a school on

Crown Street, and when he died his body was placed in a vault behind the altar.

Those days seem very remote now, and the history of the church and parish went along placidly until 1844 when the native American riots came to disturb the serenity of the people. There is no need now to go into the details of a movement that has been described so often; it is enough to say that the trouble began at St. Michael's, in Kensington, and the mob, after reducing that edifice to ashes, proceeded to St. Augustine's and destroyed the church, school, monastery and a fine library. It was said that the vandals were led by a renegade Catholic, named Albright, and that one of his purposes was to destroy the records which contained the minutes of his own baptism. He failed in this because all of the papers and documents were saved. If history be correct, this same man was drowned some years later in the Delaware River, at a point which is crossed by the new bridge.

We have said that the entire structure was destroyed. So it was, but a section of the main altar remained standing, and over it in

letters that could be easily discerned from the street were the words: "THE LORD SEETH." The money loss of this vandalism was estimated at between eighty and ninety thousand dollars. Later suit was brought in the courts and the church authorities were awarded \$47,433.87. This was hardly more than half of the actual loss and that did not take into account the priceless books, manuscripts and papers that were burned in the library.

But though their property had been destroyed, the spirit of the people was not quenched. They set about the work of restoring the property with a courage that was little short of heroic. The corner stone of the new edifice was laid by Bishop Kendrick, on May 3, 1847, and the church was opened on Christmas Day of the same year. On that occasion Bishop Hughes, of New York, preached the sermon. The plan was made by Napoleon Lebrun, and the restored church is the one that is now standing.

St. John's English Lutheran Church which once stood on the north side of Race Street,

between Fifth and Sixth, fell a victim to modern progress. It had been standing there 115 years when its destruction was decreed. Like many churches in the district it had a slowly vanishing congregation, but it was filled with pleasant memories for the survivors. When it was erected, in 1808, it was pronounced by good judges to be "the handsomest church in Philadelphia." Only a few years ago lovers of old landmarks might be seen going around the churchyard studying the faded inscriptions on the crumbling tombstones. Many of these monuments dated from the time the church was built. The building was of brick, and gave the impression of massiveness.

There were some stirring times among the Lutherans of old Philadelphia before this church was built. Most of the members of this denomination were Germans and they attended the Zion and St. Michael's Churches. The services in both of these churches were conducted entirely in the German language. The younger members expressed a desire to have occasional services in English. They had been educated in English-speaking schools and many of them were the American-born

children of German parents. They pointed out the fact that they were constantly associated with English-speaking persons in business and socially and felt that the time had come to conform to the language of their fellow-citizens. But the old German members could not see it in that light, and said that they would never consent to the proposed change.

The result of this controversy was the establishment of a new congregation, and the building of St. John's Church on Race Street. The first pastor was Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D.D. He lived to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, and was greatly loved by all of the members of his flock.

Going west two blocks, the work carries the bridge approaches to the historic plot of ground known as Franklin Square. This is one of the "green plots" which William Penn directed should be laid out for the comfort and recreation of the people. The section, amid which it lies, has changed considerably since the little park was opened. Today it is surrounded by business concerns and theatrical boarding houses. It has, if the

truth must be told, a frowsy and rundown appearance. The thespians occasionally go into the square for an airing, and they can be recognized at once from their mannerisms. Whether they be prosperous or in need of funds, they carry the air of the theatre with them, and a favorite of the footlights is quite as marked as a soldier or a divinity student. The gentler members of the profession, of course, make recognition doubly sure when accompanied by the inevitable poodle. They are big-hearted and generous and the pan-handlers who sometimes drift to this plot of green never make an appeal to them in vain.

Some imaginative writer—I think it was Christopher Morley—has called Franklin Square the Cinderella of the city squares. Her sisters—Logan Square and Rittenhouse Square—are decked with all of the beauties of nature, and attract the wealth and beauty of the population, while poor Miss Franklin, shabbily attired, is noticed only by those who are as poor as herself.

In the meantime, those who haunt its walks are losing no sleep over the changes that have

already taken place. Losing no sleep is not said in a figurative sense, for many of the patrons of the square have had many a refreshing nap on the hard benches which line the grass plots. Some of the regulars who sit there day after day are philosophers in their own way. The poorest of them, who have not one dollar to rub against another, always have time to engage in a discussion on the problems of the hour. The man without a cent in his pocket will give you a plan for running the finances of the country and will express real indignation over the incapacity of the Secretary of the Treasury. Few of them, though, go to the extent of showing feeling of any kind. They are generally self-restrained and serene. Work they look upon as a necessary evil—for the other fellow. Will the bridge change the even tenor of their existence amid these classic shades? It would seem to be a pity, if such be the case.

On the west side of Franklin Square, facing this open space, is a roomy but modest brick building which has been doing a great work in a quiet way for many years. It is St.

Ann's Widows' Asylum. For a long while it was located on Moyamensing Avenue in South Philadelphia, but later took its habitation in the well-appointed building opposite the Cinderella among the "squares" of Philadelphia.

XII

JOHN BARTRAM'S GARDENS

HOW many of the readers of this book have ever visited Bartram's Gardens, now better known as Bartram Park, in West Philadelphia? Comparatively few, probably, and yet it is one of the most noted spots in the United States. It was the home of the first American botanist of any note, and the site of the first botanical garden in this country. John Bartram had an international reputation, and visitors from all parts of the world have come here to visit the beautiful park in what was once called the village of King-sessing. The stone house where he lived was built by his own hands, and it stands today in an excellent state of preservation after more than one hundred and fifty years. They built to last in those days, and the permanent character of that old mansion would make some of the present-day builders scratch their heads in wonder and amazement.

In spite of the fame of this place, there are many persons who would be puzzled if they started out to find it, and yet it can be reached quickly and easily by taking car No. 36 on Walnut Street. The pilgrim alights at Fifty-fourth Street and Elmwood Avenue, a point easily discernible from the fact that there is a baseball park there, surrounded by a weather-beaten fence. The visitor follows the road, crosses a railroad bridge and finds himself in the picturesque spot overlooking the Schuylkill River. It must be said to the credit of the caretaker that the grounds are now in first-class condition. The lawns are well kept and the paths are as good as can be expected under the circumstances. We have had more or less controversy recently concerning the alleged neglect of the old place, but there is no evidence of this at the present time.

The ancient stone house is closed and the windows boarded, and thereby hangs a tale. Some years ago—probably five—the house was in such a condition that it was necessary to make repairs, but while they were going on some ladies who are interested in relics of the pre-Revolutionary days visited the gar-

dens and were shocked at the thought of making such changes. They said the proper thing to do was to restore the mansion to its original condition and that the work should be placed in the charge of antiquarians and experts, and they volunteered to raise a fund of several thousand dollars for that purpose.

But even the exterior is worth a visit, because the time-stained walls are redolent of memories of the city of the days of William Penn. There is an old-fashioned knocker on the front door that would throw a collector into ecstasies of delight. On the side of the house facing the river there is a stone in the wall over the window of the room in which Bartram slept. The inscription on it, cut by the botanist, reads as follows:

'Tis God alone, the Almighty Lord,
The Holy One by me adored.

John Bartram—1770.

It was thus that the old botanist proclaimed to the world his belief in God and in a future life. We are told that his whole life is illus-

trated by this inscription and that he always emphasized his faith to those with whom he came in contact. Some of the most noted men of his day and generation were among his friends, one of his frequent visitors being Benjamin Franklin, printer, statesman and philanthropist. It is not difficult to imagine rare old Ben seated in an easy chair in the garden discussing philosophical subjects with his hospitable host. Bartram had a quantity of fine Madeira in his cellar, and it is within the range of probability that Franklin sampled some of this ere he concluded his visit.

Bartram had a son, William Bartram, who achieved almost as much distinction as his father as a botanist. He also lived on this estate, and died there in July, 1823, at the age of eighty-five. His travels in search of botanical subjects were afterwards published in book form.

Watson, the annalist, has given us a pretty fair portrait of John Bartram. He describes him as a man eminent for his fair-dealing with his friends and neighbors and adds: "His stature was rather above middle size, erect and

slender; visage long, his countenance cheerful and gay, regulated with a due degree of solemnity. His manners modest and gentle, yet his deportment and disposition active and of the greatest good-nature. He was a lover and practiser of justice and equity. Indeed, he was such a lover of philanthropy, charity and social order that he was never known to engage in litigation with anyone, but would rather relinquish his rights than distress his neighbors.

"He was all through life a rare example of temperance, particularly in the use of spiritous liquors, as well as other gratifications; not from a passion of parsimony, but in a spirit of morality. Nevertheless he always maintained a generous and plentiful table—annually on New Year's Day he made liberal entertainment in his own house, consecrated to friendship and philosophy."

Some of the pictures of these New Year receptions indicate that he entertained on a big scale. His house was crowded, and it was necessary to set many tables in order to accommodate all who gladly accepted his invitations. He owned a number of slaves, and

these, as well as the men and women employed in the gardens, were participants in this hospitality. He came from Quaker stock, and he had an inbred faculty of treating all with kindness and justice. He sat at the head of the main table, and must have felt extreme gratification as he glanced around the tables at his guests, including many of the most eminent citizens of Philadelphia, as well as his humble employes and his black slaves.

Such a scene seems almost impossible in our own time and generation, and as we look about the well-ordered grounds today it is not easy to imagine. Unfortunately there are now no signs of the many rare plants which he cultivated, and of which he had such an intimate knowledge. He understood plants better than most of us know men, but with all of his learning of this kind he was gentle and unassuming.

John Bartram was born near Darby in 1699—doesn't that sound remote?—of Quaker parents. Schools were not numerous, and the man who was afterwards to become eminent in his specialty received a scant education in

the little country schoolhouse near his home. He was bred a farmer and in his early days he was successful as a tiller of the soil. But his fine mind was not content with this and sought outlet in other activities. He studied medicine and surgery, and if he had had the desire would have doubtless attained distinction in either of these fields. But it was while he was cultivating his little farm that his attention was drawn to the wonders of plants and flowers, and from that moment he devoted himself unremittingly to the investigation of botany.

He succeeded so well that before he had become many years older he had won an international reputation as a botanist. By general consent he is looked upon as the first American botanist of eminence. He secured an appointment as American botanist to George III—the same George the American people were afterwards called upon to give a sound thrashing. Linnæus, with whom Bartram corresponded, declared him to be the “greatest natural botanist in the world.” He made many long trips for the purpose of adding to his collection, and his friend, Peter Col-

linson, said he "thought nothing of traveling fifty or one hundred miles to see a new plant." In the evening of his life he was in regular correspondence with most of the great naturalists of the world. He sent them plants in exchange for books and in a little while he had a remarkable library of this kind. It was in 1728 that he established the gardens on the Schuylkill. He published a number of books upon the subject, the most notable being his "Journal Kept Upon a Journey from Saint Augustine Up the Saint John's."

He enjoyed talking about flowers and plants as well as studying and raising them, and many great men deemed it a pleasure to visit with him at his charming estate in the fine dwelling built by the labor of his own hands. He loved old friends and old books and had many happy hours as a result.

As we roam over these spacious grounds it is interesting to note that the memory of John Bartram has been kept as green as the beautiful lawns of his much-loved home. He made his mark in his work because he kept at it everlastingly. This is as true in surgery as it

is in botany or in any other pursuit. The secret of success is in concentration upon the work in which we are engaged, no matter what it may be. If John Bartram had been merely a dilettante, a dabbler, a superficial amateur, he would have been forgotten soon after he died, but he went to the heart of his pursuit and he was never too old to learn more about it.

XIII

THE ROMANCE OF PEGGY SHIPPEN

ON the eighth day of April, 1779, the doors of a fine old mansion on Fourth Street, opposite Willing's Alley, opened and a bride and groom emerged, followed by the usual number of old shoes and the customary shower of rice. The bride was young and beautiful and the groom was rather handsome and had a distinct soldierly bearing. The marriage was the culmination of a wartime romance. Those who looked upon the joyous faces of the newly married couple that morning must have predicted for them a happy wedded life, but alas, for the uncertainties of human existence, the day was more like the beginning of a long and painful tragedy. When the identity of the principals in that ceremony are made known the reason for the sorrow that followed will be apparent to the reader.

The man was General Benedict Arnold,

then a trusted subordinate of General Washington, and later to become the most excoriated man in American history.

The bride was Margaret, better known as Peggy Shippen, the daughter of a famous Philadelphian, who was to drink to the very dregs the cup of sorrow.

Most of us have heard a great deal about Arnold and his unspeakable treason, and even of his love affair with the charming Peggy Shippen, but comparatively little has ever been published concerning the beginning and the progress of that romance of the Revolution.

Peggy Shippen has come in for no small amount of criticism on account of the way in which she mingled with the English officers during the British occupation of Philadelphia. She was, we are told, one of the ladies of the "Meschianza" in whose honor the gallant knights of the British Army couched their lances. The unfortunate Major Andre was the prime mover in this entertainment, which was arranged in honor of the departure of General Howe, to whom Andre seems to have

been sincerely attached. The affair took place in the great walnut grove surrounding the Wharton mansion. Andre was a scholar and an artist, with a vein of sentiment and chivalry in his composition and "he ransacked his fancy and his memory to combine the bizarre, the romantic and the dramatic."

Miss Peggy Shippen was not then eighteen, but she was an acknowledged belle, and all of the accounts agree that she was present on this occasion. Frederick Stone, librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, however, quotes a letter from Mr. Laurance Lewis, Jr., in which the last-named gentleman says: "You state that Mrs. Arnold and her two sisters (daughters of Judge Shippen) were present at the Meschianza. Although all of the printed and published accounts of that festivity have made a similar statement, the tradition in the Shippen family has always been to the contrary. The young ladies had been invited and had arranged to go; their names were upon the programs, and their dresses actually prepared, but at the last moment their father was visited by some of his friends, members of the Society of Friends, who persuaded him that it

would be by no means seemly that his daughters should appear in public in the Turkish dresses designed for the occasion. Consequently, although they have been said to have been in a "dancing fury," they were obliged to stay away. This same story has, I know, come down independently through several branches of the family, and was told me repeatedly, the last time not more than two years ago, by an old lady of the family, who was the niece of Mrs. Arnold and her sisters, and who has since died."

So far as this denial is concerned the wish may well have been father to the thought. All of the contemporary accounts tally in saying that the beautiful Peggy Shippen was actually present, and was extremely popular with the knights, the squires and the others who took part in the gay and striking spectacle. Indeed, we are told specifically that she was numbered among the "Ladies of the Burning Mountain." Her knight was Lieutenant Winyard, and her squire Captain Boscawen. The device of her champion was a bay leaf, with the motto: "Unchangeable."

Captain John Andre on that occasion was a participant in the carnival as a "Knight of the Blended Rose" and curiously enough he was fighting in honor of another prominent Philadelphia girl, Miss Peggy Chew.

It seems that Benedict Arnold fell in love with Peggy Shippen at first sight. We are told that, to the great distress of the members of her family, she returned his love. Balch declares: "Tradition says the connection was violently opposed—not so much from political feeling as from distrust of the man, objection to his origin, and dislike of his private character so far as it was known. Arnold was not, in fact, a gentleman. His birth and early education were low; and his peddling and smuggling trade with the islands, and his traffic in cattle and horses could have improved neither his manners nor his morals." It must be confessed that there is a trace of snobbishness in this, and it is quite possible that there was prejudice against Arnold because of his later treason. But Mr. Balch goes on to quote statements of the sisters of Peggy Shippen that their father "never liked Arnold from the first, and was not friendly to the

match; but that it was encouraged by a lady who thought highly of him, and one who had great influence over the mind of the young lady."

Be that as it may there is no doubt whatever that Arnold was madly in love with Miss Shippen. Three months after he had first made her acquaintance he sent her a letter confessing that he had been carried away by her loveliness. He declares that he had taken up his pen to write to her at least "twenty times" but that each time his trembling hand had refused to obey the dictates of his heart. But finally he screws up his courage and he says:

"Dear Madame, your charms have lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished; your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced. My passion is not founded on personal charms only: that sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart—that sentiment and sensibility which so strongly mark the character of the lovely Miss P. Shippen—render her amiable beyond ex-

pression and will ever retain the heart she has captivated."

It would be difficult to imagine a love-lorn man of the present day writing in this vein, but it is only necessary to read the love epistles of that time to understand that it was the accepted way of proclaiming devotion. But Arnold goes on to say:

"On you alone my happiness depends. And will you doom me to languish in despair? Shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent and disinterested passion? Do you feel no pity in your gentle bosom for the man who would die to make you happy? May I presume to hope it is not impossible I may make a favorable impression on your heart? Friendship and esteem you acknowledge. Dear Peggy! suffer that heavenly bosom—which cannot know itself the cause of pain without a sympathetic pang—to expand with a sensation more soft, more tender than friendship. A union of hearts is undoubtedly necessary to happiness. But give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is

seldom the effect of an alliance formed on a romantic passion, where fancy governs more than judgment. Friendship and esteem, founded on the merit of the object, is the most certain basis to found a lasting happiness upon. And when there is a tender and ardent passion on the one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart—unlike yours—must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame.”

In the later part of this epistle Benedict Arnold comes down to the practical side of the matter in these words:

“I am sensible that your prudence, and the affection you bear your tender and amiable parents, forbid your giving encouragement to the addresses of anyone without their approbation. Pardon me, dear madam, for disclosing a passion I could no longer confine in my tortured bosom. I have presumed to write to your papa, and have requested his sanction to my addresses. Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider before you doom me

to misery, which I have not deserved, but by loving you too extravagantly. Consult your own happiness, and, if compatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity for myself. Whatever my fate may be, my most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessings of heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul."

In spite of what we have been told of the opposition of the family to this match there is nothing to confirm this view of the matter. Indeed, Edward Shippen, writing to a friend of the marriage of his daughter Betsy, adds:

"My youngest daughter is much solicited by a certain general on the same subject. Whether this will take place or not depends upon circumstances. If it should it will not be until the spring." The grandfather of Peggy writing soon after this says: "We understand that General Arnold, a fine gentleman, lays close siege to Peggy; and if so, there will soon be another match in the family." Such words

do not indicate much opposition on the part of the family. At all events Peggy Shippen soon capitulated and the wedding occurred, as we have already stated, on April 8, 1779.

A few weeks before that time, General Arnold purchased the estate of Mount Pleasant and settled it on himself for life, with the remainder to his wife and children. This was the second marriage of Benedict Arnold, and there is every reason to believe that it was a love match. The story of his later treason to the cause of the colonists is too well known to need repetition. It is certain that his devoted wife—for she was devoted—was in absolute ignorance of that sad adventure. Indeed, as soon as the traitor was sure of his own safety he wrote to General Washington asserting his wife's innocence, and saying: "I beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia or come to me, as she may chose."

Washington, who was a very just man, believed in her innocence. He offered to send her with an escort to Philadelphia, or to put her under a flag of truce on the king's ship, "Vulture." She chose the former and arrived in Philadelphia about October 1, 1780. But

she had not been here a month when the council adopted a resolution ordering her to leave the city and not to return during the war. She left sadly enough. Five years later she came home again "but was treated with so much coldness and neglect, even by those who had encouraged her marriage, that she left again, never to return." She remained with Arnold during the remainder of his broken and disgraced life. They had four children, two of whom attained rank in the British Army. Arnold died in London an embittered and sad man—he lived and died in the unenviable position of a man without a country.

Benedict Arnold has been painted blacker than any character in our national history—but his love romance was sincere and honest.

XIV

BENEDICT ARNOLD IN PHILADELPHIA

NEARLY every Philadelphian is familiar with the fine mansion in Fairmount Park which was once owned by Benedict Arnold, whose romance with Peggy Shippen we have considered in the last chapter. Mount Pleasant, as it is called, stands on the east bank of the Schuylkill near where the Reading Railroad bridge crosses the river. It was purchased by Arnold when he was in the height of his power with the intention of presenting it to his wife. He executed a deed of trust for this purpose, but after his treason the property was seized by the State of Pennsylvania and confiscated. Later it was sold at sheriff's sale to pay off a prior mortgage. The estate afterward belonged to Colonel Richard Humpton, Blair McClenachan, Chief Justice Edward Shippen—Mrs. Arnold's father—and General Jonathan Williams. It descended from the last named to Henry J.

Williams. Mr. Williams sold it, about 1853, to some Germans, who opened a beer garden there. In 1868 it was purchased by the Fairmount Park Commission, and has remained in their charge ever since.

It is certain that if Arnold had ever taken possession of the property he would have used it for lavish entertaining. While he was in command of Philadelphia he "lived in a style of unprecedented extravagance." For a time he held forth in the house of Richard Penn, on the south side of Market Street between Fifth and Sixth. This was formerly the headquarters of General Howe, and afterwards the home of General Washington while he was President. We are told that while Arnold lived there he maintained a coach and four, and servants in livery, and gave entertainments that were the talk of the town. It is not hard to draw some connection between this lavish expenditure of money and the treason that was to come soon afterwards. Moralists might well find a theme in this which would go to show that the love of money is the root of all evil.

The story of Benedict Arnold is known to every schoolboy; but how many persons are aware that after he went to England to live he fought a duel as a means of resenting what he regarded as an aspersion on his character?

One of the amazing things about this amazing man, who was at once traitor and patriot, is the fact that he tried to convince himself that his treason was justified, and that he had not done anything to bring the blush of shame to his cheek. After he settled in London he made it a point to hold his head in the air, and to assume the manners of a man who is at peace with himself and the world. But there is every reason for believing that remorse was gnawing at his heart and that he suffered in secret. He was acutely sensitive, and the taunts and gossip which came to him at intervals cut him to the quick. But he told his wife that if anything reflecting upon him was ever said in public by any responsible person that he would demand instant satisfaction.

His opportunity for making this threat good came quicker than he had anticipated. Lord Lauderdale, in the House of Lords, on May

31, 1792, made an attack upon the Duke of Richmond, who had been named for an important post. In order to emphasize his feelings, the noble speaker, in an outburst of oratory, said:

“If apostacy can be made to justify promotion, the Duke is the most fit person for this post, General Arnold alone excepted.”

The American read this with flaming cheeks. He was, as one of his supporters said, “a soldier with a blot upon his name, in exile for ten years, and bearing in silence every mortification and indignity which bitter enemies could conceive.” Now he felt his chance had come. He was quick to act. He called upon Lord Hawke, and that gentleman consented to carry a message to Lord Lauderdale demanding an apology or a hostile meeting. The Earl expressed regret that he had wounded the feelings of an American, but he declined to apologize. As a consequence of this, a meeting was agreed upon to take place on the following Sunday morning at 7 o’clock, near Kilburn Wells, just outside of London.

Lord Hawke consented to act as second for Arnold, and Charles James Fox, then in his glory as a great Parliamentary orator, said he would act for Lord Lauderdale. Evidently neither side attempted to make any adjustment of the difficulty. The arrangements were made with business-like precision, and the principals simply waited as patiently as possible for Sunday morning. Arnold loved his wife greatly, and he was anxious to spare her the knowledge of the duel; but she discovered what had been planned and her suffering was acute. Afterwards she wrote to her father, saying:

“A variety of circumstances combined to make me acquainted with the whole transaction. What I suffered for nearly a week is not to be described. The suppression of my feelings, lest I should unman the General, almost at last proved too much for me; and for some hours my reason was despaired of, and I was confined to my bed for days afterwards.”

Benedict Arnold himself was cool, calm and collected. He kissed his wife good-bye that

morning with much feeling, but aside from his solicitude for her, the occasion seemed to be one of joy to him. It furnished an outlet for long pent-up feelings. At last, after being looked upon as a worm, he was to have the chance to prove that he was a man. When he arrived at the appointed place with his second, he found that Lord Lauderdale was already on hand. The preliminaries were few and were quickly disposed of, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The principals stood back to back, as was the custom, while one of the seconds counted off the paces. Then suddenly they faced one another and the order was given in one sharp word:

“Fire!”

Benedict Arnold pulled the trigger of his weapon and the bullet went whistling past the cheek of his noble opponent. But, to the surprise of all, the Earl did not return the fire. It was a dramatic moment. Arnold stood there motionless and with pale cheeks. He knew that he was utterly at the mercy of his opponent.

“Fire!” he exclaimed. “Why don’t you fire?”

With a smile Lauderdale declined.

"You must fire or you must apologize," cried Arnold.

But the Earl was not to be moved. He would not fire and he would not apologize. He went so far as to say that he was sorry to have hurt the feelings of an American.

"That is not a proper apology," exclaimed Arnold hotly, "and Lord Lauderdale knows it is not."

There was a hurried conference between the seconds, and then it was announced that the Earl desired to make a statement which he hoped would be satisfactory to General Arnold. There was a dead silence for a few moments. Then the Earl spoke slowly and with great deliberation, as if choosing his words. This is what he said:

"I have no enmity against General Arnold. I did not mean to asperse his character or wound his feelings, and I am sorry that General Arnold or anyone else should be hurt at what I said."

Arnold grasped eagerly at the words, "I did not mean to asperse his character." He spoke quickly.

"What you say, my Lord, is perfectly satisfactory, and I accept it."

There was much handshaking and the little party separated. The Earl was sorry that Mrs. Arnold was ill, and, as a further evidence of good faith, he called upon the lady to express his regret at her indisposition.

The law provides punishment for treason, but no punishment which the law could possibly inflict can be compared with the agonies endured by Benedict Arnold after he had taken the step which led to his lifelong disgrace and banishment from the United States. In England even those he had tried to serve by his betrayal of his country held him at arms length. There was no open rebuke, no definite action at which he might take offense, but just that silent condemnation that hurt more than words. After he left America Arnold looked forward to a period of comparative peace, but there is reason for believing that he never found such peace. His wife, who stood by him with wonderful faithfulness, tried to make him forget his troubles. She ministered to him in a hundred and one ways, and always addressed him with great respect.

In December, 1799, we find him begging Lord Cornwallis to place his son, George, then twelve years of age, in the Indian service. He writes:

“Nothing but my very great confidence in your Lordship’s goodness, which I have experienced on so many occasions, and my extreme solicitude to make provision for my son, would induce me again to take the liberty of troubling your Lordship.”

There is nothing to show that Lord Cornwallis ever answered this letter. Indeed, those high in authority did not seem to be very anxious to have any personal intercourse with Arnold. But as a matter of fact the communication proved to be effective. The boy received the appointment he sought, and doubtless prospered in the position.

Needless to say, the social side of life was greatly restricted for Benedict Arnold and his wife. They did have a few friends, however, and it is said that on the occasions of these little gatherings Arnold acted like his own self and was often the life of the company. When he returned to his home, though, he

lapsed into the moodiness which seemed to be almost his constant companion. There were times when he was a guest at more or less important dinner parties. On one of these occasions he happened to be the table mate of Tallyrand, the famous French politician. The Frenchman, who was unaware of the identity of his companion, was fascinated by his agreeable manners. They talked for a long while, and then Tallyrand said cheerfully:

"It is very evident from your conversation and your manners that you are an American. I hope to go to America in the near future and may call upon you for a few letters of introduction."

The smile left the face of the outcast and a look of pain took its place. He spoke slowly and in a low voice:

"Alas," he said, "I am an American, but I have not a single friend in that land, not one to whom I dare write a letter. Perhaps you may have heard of me—my name is Benedict Arnold."

An astonishing avowal to make, but it is repeated to us by one of the members of his

family to whom it was told by the outcast himself. We are not told what Tallyrand said, but the remainder of that dinner must have been painful to both of them. Also there must have been many other occasions when Arnold had to face similar embarrassing situations. It was remarked that when he went out in public he returned home more depressed than ever. In his prime he was a handsome man, of powerful build and sturdy frame. But during his exile in England he failed rapidly.

He had more than one plan to revive his fallen fortunes, but he could not interest those in power, and he gradually succumbed to disappointment and grief. He gave symptoms of a physical breakdown in the early part of 1801. On the fourteenth of June of that year the crisis came. He was feverish and delirious. He rambled in his speech. At intervals he had lucid moments. It was during one of those moments that he made his dramatic request:

“Bring me, I beg of you, the epaulettes and sword knots that Washington gave me. Let

me die in my old American uniform—the uniform in which I fought my battles.”

Thus it became known that he had carried his Continental uniform to Europe with him, and had religiously preserved it during all of the years of his enforced stay in London. Somehow or other it was placed on his shrunken frame, and as he gazed at it with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he cried:

“God forgive me for ever putting on any other.”

It has been well said that the life and the death of Benedict Arnold furnish their own moral. Even if he had been guiltless in the eyes of the law, he was punished by his own conscience. Never was there a more unhappy man. And this must not be attributed alone to the failure of his plot. Even if he had succeeded he would have lived to curse the day he ever betrayed his country.

Isaac N. Arnold, who has written of his namesake, does not attempt to condone the offense of Benedict Arnold, yet nevertheless pleads for a mitigation of the condemnation which is universally poured out on the man,

by pointing to his bravery and his patriotism before the attempted betrayal. There is no doubt that he was held in the greatest affection by General Washington, although that fact may make his conduct all the more odious in the minds of just men. But Isaac N. Arnold, speaking on this point says:

“All Americans have been taught to think of him only as a traitor. I appeal to a just and a generous people to remember that he was a patriot also. It was Washington who said that no more brave, active, spirited man filled any place in the Revolutionary Army.”

After the death of Benedict Arnold, his wife—the former Peggy Shippen—returned to the United States, and we hear of her dying at Uxbridge, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-three. Some of the writers of that time declared that it was her pride and ambition that perverted the integrity of her husband, but that seems an ungallant—if not an unfair—charge to make. It is a fact that she was a reigning Philadelphia belle, and the toast of the British officers while their army was in the city, but it seems mean to blame her for

the weakness of character of her husband. Watson in his "Annals" says: "The extravagance of Arnold produced the want of money and probably the predilections of his wife for what was splendid in the British Army and influenced them both to forget home and country for a great but illusive hope."

An account in the London "Spectator," in 1838, said that the two sons of Arnold—James R. and William F.—then middle-aged men, were living in England; and that each of them received a pension of eighty-one pounds a year from the British Government.

XV

THE HOME OF STEPHEN MOYLAN

AT THE northeast corner of Fourth and Walnut Streets, there is still standing the old house which was, for many years, the home of General Stephen Moylan, a famous Irishman who played a conspicuous part in the American Revolution. He was numbered among the prominent business men of his day and generation; although he was born in Ireland, he may be regarded as a typical "old Philadelphian." The house, characteristic of its period, is a three-story brick structure, with an attic and the sloping roof so familiar in the homes of that period. The glazed red and black brick, also typical of the time, looks as though it might easily last another century.

The first floor of this very old house has been transformed into a store; aside from that, the edifice must be very much like the

home occupied by the brave Moylan about 1798. The upper floors are being changed for business purposes, however, and the old-fashioned windows on the Walnut Street side are giving way to larger and more modern methods of lighting and ventilating. There was talk one time, among the Moylan enthusiasts, of purchasing this property and using it as a sort of museum for the exhibition of relics of the Revolutionary hero. With the march of time, though, and the thirst for improvement, it will not be long before the entire structure has been transformed. Its natural fate will be destruction and replacement with a tall office building. At the present time it is one of the few old buildings left amid a great number of modern skyscrapers.

General Moylan lived in the "heart of things" in his day and generation. A short distance from his house is old St. Joseph's, the most historic of all the historic Catholic churches of the archdiocese. Less than two blocks away stands Independence Hall, and on all sides are reminders of Revolutionary days. But recently, in the upper part of the city, there was dedicated a memorial

in the shape of Moylan Park, one of the breathing places instituted by the city of Philadelphia for the recreation and health of its citizens.

Moylan Park, at Twenty-fifth and Diamond Streets, will ever remain as a memorial to the patriotic Irishman, who was esteemed so highly by General Washington. It was originally intended as a combination site for a park, playground and free library, and eventually that idea may be carried to completion. The business men of the northwestern section of Philadelphia have heartily furthered the project, because aside from its patriotic associations and the fact that it removes part of one of the old cemeteries which has long been a barrier to progress, it will be the means of giving recreation to the residents of that locality. It is not finished, but enough has been done to give the people some conception of the great improvement involved in the undertaking. One suggestion for its adornment is a proposed statue of General Moylan. If this ever becomes a fact, it will probably take

the form of a heroic equestrian monument that will be worthy of the subject.

Such a statue would be a worthy companion piece to the fine monument to Commodore Barry which now stands in Independence Square. Barry and Moylan are the two great contributions made by Ireland to the American Revolution. Representing the two arms of the service—the Army and the Navy—they were alike in one particular, and that was their dashing bravery in the face of danger. Moylan was to the Continental Army what General Phil Sheridan was later to the Union Army in the great Civil War. Both were fearless and impetuous, and both were greatly beloved by their respective commanders-in-chief. The Moylan house, Moylan Park and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick may all be regarded as memorials to this intrepid Irishman. He was one of the founders of this last-named organization—then known as the Hibernian Society for the Relief of Immigrants from Ireland, and he was its first president. In the early days its meetings were held in the famous coffee houses and taverns for which Philadelphia was noted; in later years

its members have usually been found in and around Dooners.

It seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to tell the story of this ardent patriot to the people of Philadelphia; yet there may be some of the present generation to whom it will not sound like a twice-told tale. He was a link between old Ireland and new Philadelphia because the Moylans lived within "a stone's throw" of the residence in Cork once occupied by William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. John Moylan was one of the wealthy residents of Cork, and during colonial days his ships often sailed for Philadelphia. Stephen Moylan, his son, immigrated to America at an early age and settled in this city, where he was one of the best known business men of his day. When war was declared, he hastened to join the Continental Army. He early attracted the attention of John Dickinson, who commended him to General Washington.

"Attracted by his unusual dignity of bearing and military manner," says Appleton's Encyclopedia, "Washington, in March, 1776,

appointed him one of his aids-de-camp. Restless to exploit his energies in a wider field of activity, he was chosen by Congress, upon the recommendation of Washington, in June of the same year to be Commissary-General of the Continental Army. Restless again, seemingly, for a more direct participation in the conflict, he resigned this position in the following October, raising at once a troop of light dragoons, the First Pennsylvania Regiment of Cavalry, of which he was colonel. With this troop he served at Valley Forge, through the dismal winter of 1777-78, at the battle of Germantown, on the Hudson River and in Connecticut, with Wayne in Pennsylvania, and rounded out the full measure of his service with General Greene in his southern campaign at the close of the war."

In acknowledgment of his indefatigable energy, before the war closed, in 1782, he was breveted Brigadier-General. After the successful termination of the war he quietly resumed his mercantile pursuits in Philadelphia. In 1792 he was Register and Recorder of Deeds of Chester County. Duly allowing for the excitability of the times, the eulogy of a

fellow-patriot quoted by Irving remains a no uncertain estimate of esteem, "There is not in the whole range of my friends, acquaintances, and, I might add, in the universe," says Wilkinson, "a man of more sublimated sentiment, or who combined with sound discretion a more punctilious sense of honor than Colonel Moylan!"

It is highly interesting to refer to the records of the time in estimating the unusual qualities of this man. "The American Daily Advertiser," of Tuesday, April 16, 1811, contains this obituary:

"Died on Saturday morning last, in the 74th year of his age, after a lingering illness, General Stephen M^oylan, of this city, Commissioner of Loans for the City of Philadelphia. He served with distinction in the American army during the whole Revolutionary War, and few of his illustrious associates enjoyed a larger share of the favor and friendship of the Commander-in-Chief, than which a more decisive proof could not be adduced of the elevation of his character and the merits of his services. General Moylan displayed, uniform-

ly, in his domestic and social relations those virtues of the heart which shed most lustre and happiness over private life. The singular tenderness of his nature, the active benevolence of his feelings, the candor and uprightness and generosity of his disposition, the mildness and urbanity of his manners, attached to him by the strongest ties of affection and respect not only the members of his own family, but all those who formed the numerous circle of his friends. His remains were on Sunday interred in the burial ground of the Catholic Church of St. Mary's, attended by his brethren of the Society of the Cincinnati and his relatives and particular acquaintances."

The suggestion of an equestrian statue of General Moylan for Moylan Park originated with some of the members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. No action has been taken by that body officially—at least no definite action—but it would be highly fitting for the organization to father the movement, because the statue to Commodore Barry, which stands in Independence Square, was

erected by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. It is certain that men of much less eminence than General Moylan have had enduring memorials erected to their memories. "He was," says one writer, "everywhere when and where a brave man was needed." Washington called him "a gentleman," and Congress voted him a gold medal for bravery. His life and deeds deserve to be perpetuated in the city of his adoption.

XVI

THE TRAGIC STORY OF STEPHEN DECATUR

IN THE old graveyard of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, at Third and Pine Streets, repose the ashes of Commodore Stephen Decatur, one of the bravest sailors that ever added lustre to the glorious history of the United States Navy. There are many distinguished men buried in that enclosure, but it is safe to say that few of them had anything like the adventurous life of this intense patriot.

There is something peculiarly attractive about the Navy, and the heroes of that branch of the national defense have always had the enthusiastic applause of the American people. Some of the men of the Navy have been very human, too; but in spite of their frailties they have been properly valued for their bravery and their patriotism. Each war has produced its particular favorite, and one of the

idols of the War of 1812 was Commodore Stephen Decatur. He escaped the bullets of the enemy only to die in another and a sadder way. The story of his tragic death is worth repeating.

It is one of the ironies of fate that one of the most gallant officers in the American Navy, who had escaped the bullets of the enemy in many thrilling engagements, should finally be laid low at the hands of one of his fellow-officers.

It all came about through a duel, that favorite method of settling personal disputes in the early days of the American Republic. The principals were Commodore Stephen Decatur and Captain James Barron.

Decatur had been a member of the court—the naval—that found Barron guilty of neglect of duty in surrendering the “Chesapeake” to the British “Leopold,” prior to the War of 1812. The sentence was looked upon as a severe one, because Barron was suspended from the navy for five years without pay. It was most humiliating; so much so that the convicted man went abroad and remained

there during the period of his debarment from duty and pay. He failed to return to this country for the War of 1812, and that brought a great deal of censure upon him. When he did return, Decatur opposed his reinstatement in the navy.

It seems evident that Decatur was moved by high-minded motives. He had no personal feeling against Barron, but he did not think a man with a record of that kind should be permitted to walk the deck of an American warship. But the other man in the case did not look at it in that light. He felt that he was very much abused, and that he had a personal grievance against Decatur.

So Captain Barron challenged Commodore Decatur to a duel.

At first Decatur was amused. The man who had proposed the toast, "My country, may it always be right, but right or wrong, my country," was not eager to engage in a personal quarrel. He had performed his duty as he had conceived it, and felt that Barron had no just cause for his challenge. But the Captain was persistent. He wanted to fight and he

would not be satisfied with anything else. To this Decatur made a retort which stung Barron to the quick. The Commodore wrote:

"If you are so eager to fight, you missed a fine chance in the War of 1812."

We may be sure that this was like rubbing salt on a fresh wound. It infuriated Barron, and he knew that if it became public it would expose him to ridicule. So it ended by the arrangement for the duel between the two men. It was agreed that the encounter should take place at Bladensburg, Md., on March 22, 1820.

On the morning of that day Commodore Decatur and Captain Bainbridge, his friend, had breakfasted in a hotel in Washington. The famous officer did not want to cause his family any unnecessary anxiety and all of the details of the duel were kept from them. He talked over the coming event with Captain Bainbridge and assured that officer that he did not have the slightest personal feeling against Barron. Also he announced his intention of not killing the aggrieved one.

"I shall shoot him in the hip," he said in effect, "but will be careful not to give him a mortal wound." After finishing their meal at the hotel, Decatur and Bainbridge took a closed carriage and made their way to Bladensburg. There they found the scene already set for one of the most tragic dramas in American history. Barron, with his second and other members of his party, was there, impatiently awaiting the arrival of his antagonist. A physician was on hand and all of the details had been carefully planned. Decatur found that his opponent was nearsighted, and in order to make allowance for this defect he agreed that the fight should be fought at eight paces instead of the ten usually employed on such occasions.

It was a picturesque sight and a scene worthy of an artist. Both men were imposing in appearance and they carried themselves with great natural dignity. The seconds examined the pistols and found everything according to the requirements of the code. They took their places, each man holding a pistol in one hand and bending the other behind his back. Before the command to fire was given

Barron said in a low voice, filled with much pathos:

"I hope, sir, that we will be friends in the next world."

Decatur quickly responded to this unexpected remark.

"I have," he said, "never been your enemy."

What emotions must have filled the breasts of those who listened to this conversation! Here were two brave men with no real grievance against one another preparing to fight a duel which was almost certain to end the earthly career of one of them. An ordinary bystander might have been pardoned for asking, under the circumstances, why the duel should be fought. But it never occurred to any of the men on that field to ask that pertinent question. And so the event proceeded to its bitter end.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked the master of ceremonies.

They signified their acquiescence and he shouted in a loud, clear voice:

"Fire!"

Two shots rang out on the morning air. Barron fell at the first shot with a bullet in

his hip. Decatur had fulfilled his promise of the morning. He had wounded, but not killed his antagonist. He stood erect, with pale face. Presently a little red spot began to stain the bosom of his white shirt. It spread, growing larger and larger. His seconds rushed toward Commodore Decatur. He smiled faintly:

"I am mortally wounded," he said, "at least I think so, and my only wish is that I had fallen in defense of my country."

The surgeon gave him what attention was possible and then he was bundled into a carriage and hurried to Washington. A second examination proved that he had diagnosed his case correctly. He suffered intense agony, but with characteristic consideration he declined to permit his wife to remain in the room with him.

"The sight of my suffering," he said, "will only make her miserable; and that is not necessary."

The medical attendants did all in their power, but they were really powerless. He died before the stroke of midnight—the victim of a false code of honor.

John Randolph, of Virginia, announced the death of the intrepid Decatur to the House of Representatives, and moved that they adjourn as a mark of respect to the memory of the great naval hero, and that they attend his obsequies in a body.

They did attend the funeral, but not officially, because they did not wish to seem to place the seal of approval upon the practice of duelling.

The lesson of his death was in his last words. It was a pity that such a brave man should have died in such a senseless and unnecessary manner. All must die in some way, but those are specially blessed who are permitted to die for a great cause.

XVII

PHILADELPHIA STREETS

THE widening and improvement of Spring Garden Street is a reminder of the fact that streets have their romance as well as persons and buildings. Sometimes strangers are impatient at the regularity and monotony of the Philadelphia streets, but we can always blame this feature of the municipality upon William Penn, who arranged it with painstaking care. There is nothing sacred about this planning, to be sure, although, like many of the things prescribed by the founder, it has persisted to this day. Indeed, when Penn made his treaty with the Indians, it was to last, as one of our fellow-citizens has recently reminded us, "as long as the waters run and the sun shines."

There are many curious things about the streets of Philadelphia and their names, which may not have been noticed by the average

person. For instance, north of Market Street, all of the avenues are exactly five blocks apart. Thus Girard Avenue is just five squares from Fairmount, and Montgomery five blocks from Girard and so on as we tap Columbia, Susquehanna, Lehigh and Allegheny. Also it may be noticed that above Columbia Avenue nearly all of the streets in North Philadelphia are named after the counties of the State, such as York, Dauphin, Westmoreland, Luzerne and Lycoming. If we turn south of Market Street, after passing the old section of the city, we find the streets named after the various Governors of Pennsylvania, from the time of the foundation of the Commonwealth. Thus we have McKean, Ritner, Bigler, Hoyt, Hartranft, Pattison, Beaver, Stone, Pennypacker and Hastings. Some of these do not yet exist, but they are all on the city plan and in the course of time we shall have Stuart Avenue, Tener Avenue and Brumbaugh Avenue, after three former Governors who are still in the land of the living. Governor Sproul shall not escape either, and he may be sure that his name and that of Governor Pinchot will be handed down to pos-

terity in this way just as the names of the Mayors of Philadelphia are perpetuated on the city ice boats!

Who shall say that states and municipalities are ungrateful!

We hear a great deal about city planning in these days, but in the early days of this country municipalities grew up in a haphazard way. Somebody built a house and then other houses were built, and the first thing one knew there was a city, with its High Street in the center and the First National Bank across the way. William Penn was really the first city planner in this country, and he deserves this distinction, whether you like his method of planning or not. The idea of city squares or parks, as breathing places for the people, originated with him; it is significant of his foresight that no modern city is considered complete without such "green spots." Nowadays the tendency is to get away from the straight streets, and we are finishing the fine Parkway at great expense. The Roosevelt Boulevard is another evidence of this tendency. Our forefathers tried it in Ridge Ave-

nue and Passyunk Avenue, although it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to picture these thoroughfares in the beginning as cow paths.

Streets have their characteristics the same as individuals. Lombard Street, to an Englishman, suggests money and gold and diamonds. To a Philadelphian it conjures up reminders of the colored brother. South Street makes us think of second-hand clothing; Third Street of bankers and brokers, although they are now migrating in the direction of Broad; Walnut and Locust suggest exclusive and old Philadelphia society; Sansom Street, dealers in diamonds; Dock Street, fruit and produce, and so on all along the line.

Spruce Street has been called the Harley Street of Philadelphia. As a matter of fact, there are more medical men to be found there than in the London thoroughfare. Not long ago a curious investigator counted the physicians' signs on Spruce Street and discovered no less than 250 medical men within a distance of nine blocks. They represent every phase of the medical profession. Most of

them are specialists of one kind or another, and very few are general practitioners. To name them would recall some of the most famous men in the profession in this country. Walnut and Chestnut Streets also house many physicians, but not in the same proportion as Spruce Street. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous specialist, had his office on Walnut Street. There is a very old and very true story told of a Philadelphian who traveled over the greater part of the world in search of an expert who might cure him of a malady of the nerves. He finally consulted a famous doctor in London, and after hearing his symptoms the physician said: "There is only one man that I know who can help you. His name is Weir Mitchell and he resides in Philadelphia."

For years the antique dealers were located on Ninth Street near Locust and on Locust Street above Ninth. But in later years they have scattered somewhat and clusters of them are to be found in various neighborhoods. In the vicinity of Third and Arch Streets we find many of the dealers in leather and imported furs. Arch Street above Second seems to be

a favorite locality for stencil and rubber stamp manufacturers. A generation ago all of the daily newspapers were in and about Chestnut Street between Third and Tenth Streets. But only a few months ago the "Inquirer" moved to the splendid Elverson Building on Broad Street at Callowhill Street, showing that the star of empire is taking its way north as well as west. The "Ledger," at Sixth Street, and the "Record," at Ninth Street, still continue the traditions of Chestnut Street. The "Bulletin" for years has been at Penn Square facing the City Hall, on the site once occupied by La Salle College, which is now located at Broad and Stiles Streets.

Within a few years we have had a transformation in the skyline of Philadelphia. To understand and see this to advantage we must station ourselves at some high point in Fairmount Park. In New York City nothing is quite so impressive as the first view of the skyline as it presents itself to those who are coming into the city on the transatlantic steamers or by the ferries from New Jersey. This is something of which we were unable

to boast in the past. But today the spectator, standing on the terrace of the Art Museum in the Park, gazes upon a view that is both beautiful and picturesque. The gleaming white tower and the golden dome of the Elverson Building dominates the skyline, a great landmark that calls attention to the difference between the old and the new Philadelphia.

To the south is the tall tower of the City Hall with the conspicuous figure of William Penn on its lofty pedestal; slightly to the south and the east we see the dignified dome of the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul; near by is the great building of the Bell Telephone Company; within a stone's throw we note the massive structure of the Insurance Company of North America; not far away a smaller pile of white proclaims the site of the Robert Morris Hotel, and, as we gaze farther north, we see the stately main building of Girard College, with its vivid reminder of the Madeline in Paris. Other structures fill in the details of a picture which makes the Philadelphia of today so different in appearance from the city of a quarter of a century ago.

In the early days those who named our

streets must have thought a great deal of trees and fruits, for we have Chestnut, Walnut, Pine, Spruce, Cypress, Oak and Cherry, not to speak of Nectarine, Lemon, Melon and Strawberry. We have the usual number of thoroughfares named after noted characters in history, such as General Washington, Stephen Girard, Gladstone, Madison, McClellan and DeKalb.

Also the characteristics of streets are like individuals. Some are bright and some are sombre; others are gay and others are depressed. All of them have their individuality, and most of them suggest food for thought.

But we started out to talk about Spring Garden Street and its history. There was a time when market houses occupied a large portion of the center of that wide thoroughfare, but they have all gone long since. Then again a green oasis filled the center of the street from Twelfth to Broad, and at that point there was a fine statue of Mathias Baldwin, the founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Only a few weeks ago the little park was ruthlessly torn away and the statue is

now on the City Hall plaza. The building of the Delaware River bridge between Philadelphia and Camden is going to make Spring Garden Street an important thoroughfare, and so the little green spot and the ancient traditions have to make way for the march of modern improvement.

How did Spring Garden Street get its name? It is not easy to answer a question of that kind offhand. But one of my friends, who delights to delve into the past, attributes it to a small spring which once bubbled from the center of the green garden of which we have been speaking. The present Willow Street was once the site of a creek known to the colonists as Pegg's Run, after Daniel Pegg, a man who had purchased considerable land in that locality as early as 1686, four years after the arrival of William Penn. But listen to what Estoclet—for he is the friend I mention—has to say of the earliest history of this well-known street.

“At or near the head of Pegg's Run, there was one particular spring, the well-nigh incredible medicinal properties of which, accord-

ing to tradition, would have absolutely eclipsed the curative powers of the greatest panacea ever yet advertised in a twentieth century newspaper; and what more natural in the course of sublunary events than that around such a spring a pleasure garden should quickly grow up, to hasten and enliven the recovery of the invalids who came hither for the water cure and that the fame of the garden should spread far and near throughout the colony?

“It has been suggested that the fact of there being a popular ‘Spring Garden’ in London, England, at that time, may have influenced the adoption of that name here; but the ‘London flavor’ of the Spring Garden, near Charing Cross, was hardly of a nature to appeal to the staid Quaker settlers of this city; nor is it any more probable that the existence somewhere in the vicinity of Pegg’s Run, in the year 1723, of a country-seat named Spring Garden had anything to do with it either, for it was owned by a Dr. Francis Gandouet, and how could a doctor in any way favor or foster a sanatorium so inevitably fated to injure his business?”

Be that as it may, we may be sure that the new Spring Garden Street is going to play as important a part in the history of the new and modern Philadelphia as the old thoroughfare did in the old town. It will be now, as before, a direct route to Fairmount Park and will combine new and splendid buildings with the historic structures of the past. A walk along that street from Sixth to its terminus in the park is not without interest. At Twelfth we note the old brownstone Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was built nearly three-quarters of a century ago, and for years was pointed out as one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in Philadelphia.

At Thirteenth Street we pass the fine Girls' Normal School, which was considered a wonder in its time, but which has already outgrown its needs. Near Broad Street we view Lu Lu Temple with its odd oriental trimmings; at the corner of Broad we find the Spring Garden Institute of Sciences, which has done good work for the young men of the city. On the Broad Street side of this building, nestling modestly enough, is the old Ap-

prentice Library. This was the first circulating library ever established in the city of Philadelphia. It began its useful career at the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, and the writer well remembers it as the first library from which he ever borrowed a book.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works occupies the blocks from Broad to Sixteenth, and those who have passed it at night when all of the furnaces and forges are in action, will compare it to some of the scenes in Dante's "Inferno." The block from Sixteenth to Seventeenth is the site of the United States Mint, a really notable building in a place visited by comparatively few persons. Opposite that is the Spring Garden branch of the Free Library system, the site of which was donated by the Baldwin Locomotive Works. But finally we reach the Fairmount Park end of this broad avenue. On one side we see the tall spires of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and on ahead the rising steel structure of what is the skeleton of the great Art Museum, which is to be the crowning achievement of the new City Beautiful.

XVIII

THE GHOSTS OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

STARING out into the wind-swept spaces of Washington Square on these gray days, one is reminded of a miniature city of ghosts. The place is deserted, except for a shadowy form hurrying along the walks now and then, and the gaunt branches of the leafless trees only help add to the general air of desolation. The melancholy days are not confined to autumn because nature, in its wayward mood, insists upon transferring some of them to the season which is supposed to belong exclusively to Jack Frost. The morning may begin bright and brisk enough, but along toward the middle of the afternoon the clouds shift and a mist veils the Square, relieved only by dim and blurred lights in the windows of the buildings on its four sides.

It is then that we think of the ghosts of Washington Square—those half-formed im-



A SOUTHWESTERN VIEW OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

pressions which bring back the memories of other days. It is not difficult for the imagination to people the familiar walks with the historic characters who have lived and gone and are all but forgotten. Young and old men, some erect, and others with bent shoulders, make their way across the paths, carrying green bags, bound for offices on Sixth Street, and on the north side of Walnut Street, prepared to sit down in cobwebby rooms at old-fashioned flat desks, and surrounded on all sides by tiers of green paste-board boxes with white labels which inform the curious that they contain the papers and accounts of the estates of this, that and the other person. And on the wild days when the wind howls outside, thoughts come of those whose earthly voices have long since been stilled.

What an array of distinguished men have trodden these walks. It is only necessary to close one's eyes to see them again in the flesh and in the vigor of their power. Men like former Postmaster-General Campbell, who was in the Cabinet of President Pierce; the

picturesque Benjamin Harris Brewster, who was the Attorney-General in the Cabinet of a President of the United States; the stately and leonine Richard Vaux, one-time Mayor of Philadelphia, who boasted of having danced with Queen Victoria; former Attorney-General Wayne MacVeigh, bent and wizened, but with a tongue like a wasp and a mind as sharp as any steel trap; John G. Johnson, as burly as old Doctor Johnson, and the greatest corporation lawyer of his day and generation; Daniel Dougherty, the silver-tongued orator, whose faith burned with an intensity that lasted till death, and Lewis C. Cassidy, the great criminal lawyer of his time. These men, and others whose names do not come to mind at the moment, were not all of the same generation, nor all of the same persuasion, but they were friends and cronies, and it would be hard indeed to bring together at one time such a goodly array of intellect and power and warm-hearted friendships.

There was a time several decades ago when a person standing in Washington Square could have seen a row of four-story brick

dwellings on the east side of Sixth Street, between Walnut and Locust.

And if the observer had kept his eyes on a certain house in the row, at a certain hour in the morning, he would have seen an old gentleman, with slightly bent form, emerge and walk in the direction of Walnut Street. The houses might have seemed old-fashioned, but the man who came out of the one we have in mind would have seemed more so. In fact he looked like a statesman of an earlier generation. He nearly always wore a high silk hat, a long overcoat, faded somewhat, and carried a stout cane. His smooth-shaven face, with eyes that sparkled with life and intelligence, even when he was approaching his eightieth year, and the old black stock which he invariably wore about his neck, gave him the air of a man of mark.

The impression thus gained would not have been belied by the facts, for the old gentleman in question was James Campbell, one-time Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia; Attorney-General in the Cabinet of a Pennsylvania Governor, and later Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of Franklin

Pierce. In his later years in this city he was an honored member of the Board of Public Education and also a member of the Board of City Trusts, which has the care and control of Girard College. He retained these two posts until he died and afterwards was succeeded by his son, John M. Campbell, who has also since departed this life.

Daniel Dougherty, erect, with sparkling eyes, and his silvered side-whiskers streaming in the wind, was one of the most loved of the group which one naturally associates with Washington Square at the time when it was the center of the legal fraternity of older Philadelphia. It was a treat to have heard him when he was in this prime. He talked well on all subjects. His political orations were things to be remembered; but it was when he was talking of the beauties of his church and its glories that he was at his best. One of his most impressive addresses was delivered at a great ecclesiastical gathering in Baltimore near the close of his life. He was the chief orator at a meeting of laymen in connection with the event, and those who

heard the opening words of that utterance will never forget them.

It was at the Democratic National Convention which nominated General Hancock for the Presidency that Daniel Dougherty won a deserved reputation for effective oratory. He pictured his candidate as he was, as a brave soldier, a good citizen and a modest gentleman; and then in a final outburst he referred to him as "Hancock the superb!" No one can tell just how much that speech had to do with winning the nomination for the Pennsylvania soldier, but that it counted cannot be doubted.

Winfield Scott Hancock accepted defeat at the general election with the calmness and the philosophy which characterized his whole life. He was born in Norristown, and there his remains rest in the midst of the quiet community where he was known and respected. There is a story concerning his conduct on the night of election which may very well be told at this time. Older readers may recall that the national election of 1880 was hotly contested. General Garfield, the Republican

candidate, was a trained talker and campaigner, while General Hancock was simply a blunt soldier who had had but little experience in the arena of politics. In spite of this handicap he made a good fight, and many of his supporters felt that he was going to be elected to the Presidency.

He received the returns along with some friends in the early part of the evening of election day. At 11 o'clock or thereabouts the result was still in doubt, or rather there were not enough figures on hand to determine the contest. General Hancock announced his intention of going to bed, and as he did so he requested that he be not disturbed until morning. Shortly before daylight Mrs. Hancock called him to say that he had been defeated by a substantial plurality.

"All right," he smiled sleepily, "I guess we can't change it"; and he turned over and went to sleep again.

My friend, Joseph T. McDevitt, tells of another incident in the life of Daniel Dougherty which illustrates the readiness and the quick tact of that accomplished man. He was

making an address in a large auditorium, and he fairly electrified his enthusiastic auditors. Near the close of the talk there was a storm of applause which halted his speech. When it died out the orator stood facing his audience in perfect silence. The pause was beginning to grow embarrassing when the silver-tongued one placed his hand dramatically on his breast and half walked, half staggered to his seat on the stage. Immediately three or four committeemen were around him, and in spite of his protests he was assisted to the green room of the theatre. His hands were chafed and he was given a glass of water. Presently he assured the gentlemen that he was all right and did not need their attentions. An eager committeeman, in the meantime, had assured the audience that Mr. Dougherty had entirely recovered from his indisposition. The announcement brought a renewed storm of applause.

A little later the orator went home with one of his friends. When this friend had him alone he asked anxiously:

“Are you often subject to such attacks?”

"There isn't a thing the matter with me," was the smiling reply.

"But you seemed to be in great distress—"

Mr. Dougherty laughed, and said, in substance:

"I was distressed, but not from any physical trouble. The truth of the matter is that I was completely stumped. When that wave of applause died out, I could not think of a word to say. My mind, for the moment, was a blank. I couldn't stand there for the balance of the night facing that audience, speechless. So I got back to my seat as best I could."

When a distinguished orator makes such an admission, there is hope for lesser oratorical lights who may meet with similar experiences in the course of public speaking. Everybody understands stage fright, but the best of men sometimes have mental lapses which leave them at a disadvantage with an audience.

Big men are usually very simple in their ways. John G. Johnson was a man of this type. He was one of the giants of the Philadelphia bar, but it was no uncommon thing to see him at one of the quick lunch counters

on Chestnut Street, hastily dispatching a twenty-cent midday meal, with his mind a thousand miles away.

On one occasion he went over to New York to make an argument in a great railroad case involving millions of dollars. As usual he was successful. The New York lawyers, who had brought him over for the purpose of pulling them out of a legal hole, induced him to take dinner with them. In the course of the talk one of them said impressively:

"Mr. Johnson, you should come to New York. It is a pity to bury your talents in Philadelphia. It will furnish you with a wonderful field and give you a nation-wide reputation. Besides the financial returns will be so much greater—"

"Much greater," interrupted Johnson, with a broad smile. "You interest me. Now how much do you think I could make in New York in a year?"

"The sky would be the limit," was the eager reply; "why I'm sure you'd make a hundred thousand dollars a year."

The smile broadened.

"That doesn't attract me at all. Last year,

in Philadelphia, I made three times that much."

He returned home late that night, alone. And anyone happening to walk through one of the day coaches on the New York express would have seen a distinguished looking gentleman seated beside a colored man. Both were sound asleep. One was John G. Johnson and the other was probably the porter of some hotel.

Such is democracy in America!

XIX

WHERE JOSEPH JEFFERSON WAS BORN

IF YOU happen to be in the vicinity of Sixth and Spruce Streets you may notice a little tablet on the building at the southwest corner which calls attention to the fact that Joseph Jefferson, the great American comedian, was born there on February 20, 1829. This reminder of an interesting event was placed there through the efforts of Francis Wilson, and other friends and admirers of the much-loved actor.

Joseph Jefferson never lost his affection for the city in which he was born and bred, and his Philadelphia engagements always gave him pleasure because it enabled him to get into contact with many of his old cronies. One of the closest of these was L. Clarke Davis, for many years editor-in-chief of the "Public Ledger" and the father of Richard Harding Davis. For some years it was the custom of

Mr. Jefferson to play his Christmas engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre. "Rip Van Winkle" was the favorite play, although it was sometimes varied with "The Rivals" and "Lend Me Five Shillings."

A stranger in the neighborhood is apt to have some difficulty in locating the Jefferson house unless he knows its exact situation in advance. The venerable Church of the Holy Trinity, one of the few remaining buildings with a glazed brick exterior, is on the northwest corner of Sixth and Spruce. The house in which Jefferson first made his appearance on the stage of life is on the southwest corner. It is a three-story building, probably pretentious enough in its day, but now showing signs of age and neglect. The first floor is occupied by a grocery store, and the character of the remainder of the house is made known by a painted sign: "Furnished Rooms." The records do not tell when the dwelling was erected, but it is more than one hundred years old. The tablet is on the Sixth Street side of the house. It reads:

Joseph Jefferson
The Actor Was Born Here
20—Feb.—1829

“Here’s your good health and
your family’s, may they all
live long and prosper.”

Standing before that inscription one can almost see before him the famous actor in the role of the beloved vagabond. It is quite a jump from the village of Falling Waters to the old house in Philadelphia, but both have been made illustrious through the artistry of Joseph Jefferson and the genius of Washington Irving. To some the illusion may be partly dispelled by the gaudy yellow front of the grocery store and the rusty fire escapes on the Sixth Street side of the building. Yet to one with an imagination it is not difficult to see Rip Van Winkle, with his ragged clothes, his good-natured smile, and his incurable habit of making each drink he took the one before the last. Rip was the forerunner of a long line of stage vagabonds and lovable ne’er-do-wells. Frank Bacon’s “Lightnin’” was a lineal descendant of Rip Van Winkle,

and the phenomenal success of that play indicates that there is something about the character which brings it close to the hearts of the people.

Jefferson was more closely identified with Rip Van Winkle than any other part he played. Indeed, it might be said that he was Rip himself rather than to say he played the character. His twinkling eyes, his contagious smile and his general air of irresponsibility made the old vagabond lovable, and attracted audiences that packed the theatre to the doors. Some of the admirers of the actor regretted the fact that he did not exhibit his talents in other parts rather than to cling to this one play for so many years, but the demand for it was so great that it is difficult to see how he could refuse to continue it. One result of this was that he refined his acting to such an extent that his performance in "Rip Van Winkle" was well-nigh faultless. The old Washington Irving legend was a great favorite with the children, and it was considered a treat to see Jefferson in the part.

Joe Jefferson might be said to have been

born to the stage for he made his first appearance when he was only four years old. It was with T. D. Rice in an entertainment called "Jim Crow." Rice, who was a six-footer, came on the stage carrying a bag. He advanced to the footlights, singing a ditty, the first lines of which ran:

O Ladies and Gentlemen,
I'd have you for to know
That I've got a little darkey
Here that jumps Jim Crow.

Thereupon he turned the bag upside down and emptied a four-year old shaver out, head-first. That boy was Joe Jefferson. A unique debut for one who was to become an ornament of the American stage. The boy and Rice sang alternate verses of the ditty to the accompaniment of showers of pennies, sixpences and shillings that were tossed from the galleries to the stage. The youngster had a keen ear. He caught the clear, ringing sound of a silver dollar, and as the coin started to roll toward the orchestra, ran forward and grabbed it, and then held it triumphantly be-

tween his finger and thumb. Needless to say that brought down the house. At that one performance young Joe gathered in twenty-four dollars, which was quite a little fortune in those days, even though it may not compare with the millions with which the Jackie Coogans are credited with in our own time.

Jefferson's mother had a friend in Philadelphia, a Mrs. Neal, who kept a book store on Sixth Street near Chestnut. She was the mother of Joe Neal, the author of the famous "Charcoal Sketches" and she was inordinately fond of young Jefferson. He was seven years old at that time and he was much taken with the dear old lady with the sweet smile, the black dress and the white cap. Did the youngster wind her around his little finger? He did, and as he had a fertile imagination he managed to get a great deal of profit out of their association. When he was short of spending money—which was very often—he would rush into the Neal store with his hair disheveled, go into the back room, and sinking in an exhausted condition in a chair by the

fireplace, call for a glass of water. The old lady would jump up startled:

"What's the matter, Joe?"

"Water," he would moan feebly.

"Yes, in a moment, my dear boy."

"Put some raspberry syrup in it, please, Mrs. Neal."

"Yes, my darling."

So, refreshed by the treat he would recover himself, and tell of some dire trouble in which he had become involved. Very reprehensible, no doubt, but who shall say that it was not the budding of the actor talent that was coming to the surface?

Jefferson tells us that when the family went to New York they lived in the third story of 26 James Street, "next to the Catholic Church, and opposite to the 'Bunch of Grapes,' a hotel kept by one George Bickford." The second floor was occupied by John Sefton, the comedian and manager, and the lower part of the house by a Mr. Titus and his family. A fence in the rear separated the house from an old graveyard. Jefferson says that how that curious old cemetery ever got wedged in between the buildings that surrounded it was

always a mystery. Perhaps in times gone by an old church may have stood at the outskirts of the little village of New York, and beneath these stones "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept."

Jefferson came from a family of actors, and it was not long before he was "on the road" traveling with his father. The financial returns were not great and presently his mother decided to open a boarding house for actors. Telling of this he says: "From leading lady to landlady was rather a come-down for her; but my mother was a brave woman and endowed with the kind of pride that preferred the 'degradation' of earning an honest living to the more elegant profession of getting in debt." His mother was a Frenchwoman, and she possessed the thrift which is characteristic of that race. There were times when financial conditions were desperate, but always the dear lady would draw forth an old stocking in which there was just one little gold piece left.

It is not necessary to follow the career of Jefferson in detail. It is sufficient to say that he eventually reached the head of his

profession. But there is one incident in his earlier life as an actor that will bear retelling. He had applied for a position under Joseph Foster at the Amphitheatre, which stood at the corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, in this city. There was a circus there, but during the winter season it was combined with a dramatic company, and Jefferson sought a place as comedian. The manager greeted him with a scowl from under his bushy eyebrows.

"So," he said, after a painful pause, "you are the new young comedian, are you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jefferson, "there is no doubt about my being young, but how much of a comedian I am remains to be seen."

Seemingly this retort did not make much of an impression, but the manager went on to say that the previous comedian had proven to be a failure.

Jefferson replied that the welcome news had just reached him, and that was why he had been bold enough to apply for the job.

"Well," continued Foster, "my comedian is the most dismal piece of humanity I ever met with. I engaged him on his face. I never saw such a comical outside belonging to such a

serious inside. I thought, when I first saw him, that, like the milkmaid, his face was his fortune; but no, as soon as he opens his mouth all the humor seems to vanish."

Jefferson ventured to hint that it might be different in his case, and then he got this unexpected reply:

"I don't know about you. Our comedy is largely physical comedy, and I don't know whether you will be equal to it. Besides you do not look like a comedian. You have a serious, melancholy expression; you look more like an undertaker."

But in spite of these misgivings he was engaged, and at a salary of twenty dollars a week. He acted all of that season at the Amphitheatre, and he gave satisfaction to the management, although he had misgivings regarding the artistic side of the venture.

Joe Jefferson's fame will always be inseparably connected with "Rip Van Winkle." That play was not an immediate success, but rather a gradual growth. The story was by Washington Irving, but it was whipped into dramatic form by Dion Boucicault, and finally completed by the art of Jefferson. The actor,

in his autobiography, tells of an interesting performance of the play in the locality in which the scenes are laid.

"There is," he says, "in the village of Catskill, a Rip Van Winkle Club. This society did me the honor to invite me to act the character in that town. I accepted, and when I arrived was met by the worthy president and other members of the club, among whom was young Nicholas Vedder, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the original 'old Nick.' Emulating the spirit of evolution, the citizens had turned the skating rink into a theatre, and a very respectable looking establishment it made, though in its transition state the mark of rollers did 'cling to it still.' I was taking a cup of tea in the hotel, when I was attracted by the colored waiter, who was giving a graphic and detailed account of the legend of the Catskill Mountains to one of the boarders who sat almost opposite me.

"'Yes, sah,' he continued, 'Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he came back hyar in dis berry town his own folks didn't know him.'

“‘Why,’ said his listener, ‘you don’t believe the story’s true, do you?’

“‘True? Oh course it is; why,’ pointing to me, ‘dat’s de man.’”

The makeshift theatre was filled to the doors. During the scene when Rip inquires of the innkeeper: “Is this the village of Falling Water?” the comedian altered the text and substituted the correct name: “Is this the village of Catskill?” We are told that the audience almost held its breath because the name of the village brought the scene home to every man, woman and child who was looking at the play. Jefferson says that in all of his experience he never had seen an audience so struck with the drama before. It was a touch of realism that hit the mark.

XX

THE ROMANCE OF EDGAR ALLEN POE

COME with me and I will point out to you the house in Philadelphia where Edgar Allen Poe declares he spent the happiest years of his none too happy life. It is the rear portion of the brick dwelling at the north-west corner of Seventh and Brandywine Streets. It was shortly after he had married Virginia Clemm that he rented the home at 530 North Seventh Street. We must walk along the Brandywine Street side of the place to get a view of the portion which housed the poet during those honeymoon days with his child wife.

During the first weeks of his married life, Poe and his bride boarded on Arch Street. For a while after that they lived on Sixteenth Street near Locust. This was followed by a residence on Coates Street—now known as Fairmount Avenue—near Twenty-fifth. This

was on the very edge of Fairmount Park and must have been ideal for one with the poetic temperament. But the restless young genius did not remain there long and we next hear of him taking up his abode in the "little rose-covered cottage" on North Seventh Street. His landlord was a well-to-do Quaker merchant, and if the stories that come down to us be true he was not much edified with the habits of the man who had no visible or substantial employment and spent most of his time in writing.

Mayne Reid, the novelist, was one of the friends of the poet and he was a regular caller at the home of the Poes. He speaks of the house in the rear of Seventh Street as a "lean-to" and was evidently not greatly impressed with its exterior appearance. But it was the abode of romance and that was sufficient. When Reid called, Virginia played upon her harp and piano, and afterwards they all sat outside amid the vines and the flowers. Reid, who had been a captain in the United States army, was an adventurous soul and some of his personal experiences were quite as thrilling as anything he wrote in his pop-

ular books for boys. He fought in the Mexican War, and was greatly disappointed because he was unable to join the Hungarian insurgents in 1849.

His "Rifle Rangers" and "Scalp Hunters" had a large sale, and all of his books were filled with exciting incidents. Born in Ireland, he had come to this country in search of excitement, adventure and fortune. He found plenty of the first two things, but never acquired much wealth. Virginia Poe soon became an invalid, but she never tired of listening to the story of Reid's adventures and of hearing her husband read his poems and stories. Between them they managed to make her life happy while she lived at the Seventh Street home.

That neighborhood might have been attractive and picturesque in the forties, but today it has been greatly changed by the inroads of time and trade. Spring Garden street, just below, has become an important artery of travel by reason of the Delaware river bridge. The bridge itself crosses the river between Camden and Philadelphia at a point lower down, but it has been deemed expedient

to widen Spring Garden street in order to relieve Market and other streets of the increased traffic. But in those old days Poe found the neighborhood all that he desired. He loved his child-wife intensely, and there is reason to believe that this period of his uneven life was nearly ideal. He was a man of unusual personality, and the passerby was apt to turn and take a second look at this individual with the refined face and the picturesque manner.

The most dramatic moment in the life of Edgar Allan Poe—from the artistic point of view—was when he had completed the writing of that haunting and never-dying poem entitled “The Raven.”

Poe was one of the most unfortunate of men. He had his weaknesses, and besides he had to fight poverty at a time when literature was anything but a paying profession. He wrote several of the greatest detective stories the world has ever known. Some of them will live forever, steeped as they are in mystery and a sort of mystery all his own. His Monsieur Dupin was the forerunner of Sherlock

Holmes, although in every way a more artistic creation than this popular modern detective. He received from twenty to fifty dollars apiece for these literary masterpieces, while Conan Doyle has been paid five thousand dollars for stories that will be forgotten when the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" is still read with delight and astonishment.

Poe's popularity was won when he wrote "The Raven." That literally made him famous overnight, although it did not make him rich. There seems to be a difference of opinion regarding what he was paid for that bit of work, but it has been asserted that it was just ten dollars. That seems incredible at this time, but it is safe to say that the amount was ridiculously small.

He labored over the verses all night, and when they were finished felt that he had written something that was sure to live. And Poe was right for once. He was in a fever of excitement over what he had accomplished and was eager to show the verses to anyone he might meet. Joel Benton, in a letter to the "Critic," some years ago, said that a Southern

writer once told him that when Poe had finished "The Raven" he went to him with enthusiasm, and read the poem with fine dramatic effect. When he had finished the reading the author turned to the man and said anxiously:

"What do you think of it? How do these verses impress you?"

"I think," was the reply, "that you have produced something uncommonly fine."

For a moment a look of disappointment clouded Poe's remarkable face. Then anger and annoyance took its place.

"Fine?" he cried. "Is that all you have to say? It is the greatest poem ever written, sir, the greatest in the world."

This sounds rather egotistical, but we must make allowance for the artistic temperament; when we do, we can scarcely blame Poe if the story and the quotation be substantially correct. At all events his success with "The Raven" was the open sesame to Poe to the most charmed literary circles. The neglected writer began to attract attention. James Grant Wilson says:

"I remember Poe in 1848 as a slight and erect person, with a sad, pale face, and brilliant black eyes, and I recollect Bryant replying to my question of his opinion of Poe as a poet by quoting Lowell's lines:

" 'There comes Poe with his Raven, like
Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths
sheer fudge.' "

This goes to prove that a prophet is rarely appreciated in his own country and his own times. The contemporaries of Poe could not deny his genius, but they were reluctant to overpraise him. One thing this poem did was to assure him of a better income. He had his romance with pretty and frail Virginia Clemm sometime before this, and his flashes of prosperity thereafter enabled him to obtain for her the little luxuries she needed. That he loved her devotedly cannot be denied, although her marriage had its unhappy sides. Her death prostrated the poet, and by many is assigned as the cause of his irregular habits.

It was about this time that "the child of genius" became the editor of the "Graham's Magazine," for which he received the munificent sum of \$800 per annum. It was a certainty—for a time at least—and it enabled him to give more systematic attention to his original work. But it did not leave him free from want. Poe, while inadequately paid, was also improvident, and seemed to exist in a state of being "hard up." There are many stories of how he borrowed money, some of them true and others based on mere rumor. But there is one instance in black and white that goes to prove the contention. It was while he was the editor of the "Broadway Journal." One of his friends was Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet. Halleck was the sure resource of more than one "literary lame duck" and it is not surprising that Poe should have turned to him in his hour of need.

Here is the letter written by the author of "The Raven" to Halleck:

"On the part of one or two persons who are much embittered against me there is a

deliberate attempt to involve me in ruin by destroying the 'Broadway Journal.' I could easily frustrate them but for my total lack of money, and for the necessary time in which to procure it. The knowledge of this has given my enemies the opportunity desired. In this embarrassment—without the leisure to think whether I am acting improperly—I venture to appeal to you. The sum I need is one hundred dollars. If you can loan me for three months any part of it, I will not be ungrateful."

The money was forthcoming, for Halleck had the reputation of not turning a deaf ear to the appeal of any literary man, but there is no record of whether it was ever repaid.

Modern writers who think that publishers are leagued against them in an effort to suppress their genius, may be interested to know that Poe not only received starvation prices for some of his best work, but that he had great difficulty in having some of it published in book form. He made a deal with Lea and Blanchard, of this city, by which he was to have the copyright and twenty free copies of

one of his books of short stories and the publishers were to take all of the profits from the enterprise. Later he tried to make better terms and the publishers wrote him: "If the offer to publish this volume was now before us we should certainly decline it, and would feel obliged if you knew and would urge someone to relieve us from the publication at cost or even less."

And the book, concerning which this letter was written, contained "The Fall of the House of Usher"!!

Probably a year later, Poe wrote to the same firm and asked if they would care to undertake the publication of a second volume of his stories; in reply he received an emphatic "No!" "As yet," they said in the letter of refusal, "we have not got through the edition of the other work, and up to this time it has not returned to us the expense of its publication."

And these communications, gentle reader, referred to stories which have become classics, and which have been repeatedly published as examples of the finest specimens of fiction in the English language.

XXI

ALONG THE WISSAHICKON

IF YOU are a true lover of Philadelphia you will want, at least twice a year, to walk the length of the Wissahickon. The walk will be a familiar one, and yet no matter how old it is ever new because if you are at all observant you shall discover unexpected and hitherto unnoticed phases of nature in a stretch of country that is as beautiful as anything to be found anywhere in the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that it is quite as romantic as anything to be found in Switzerland.

The best place to begin the walk is at Ridge Avenue beneath the high railroad bridge at that point. Be sure to take the small path on the farther and upper side of the drive. And after going a short distance, pause at the high point and look backward. You will be rewarded with a picture alluring enough to de-

light the heart of an artist. The rippling waters, the overhanging branches of the trees and the sparkling sunlight, framed by the arches of the lofty bridge, make an impression upon the mind that is likely to be enduring.

But we cannot halt long because we have a lengthy walk ahead, and the afternoon is all too short for the treat that is in store for us. The earth is covered with the fallen leaves, and from the time we leave the starting point until we reach Chestnut Hill we tread the soft carpet that nature has spread in such bountiful measure. There are occasional stretches of broken stone, but they merely serve to emphasize the joy of traveling over the fragrant earth. In a brief while we reach the first stone bridge over the stream which carries us back to the main road, filled with life and activity and the ever-present automobile. A five or six-minute walk along this thoroughfare leads us to the turn which brings us to the drive proper, and away from the hurly-burly of modern existence.

From the time we enter here until we emerge at the other end of the long walk, we are as far removed from the noise of the city as though we were a thousand miles away. A large sign at the entrance carries the warning that motor vehicles are not permitted along this part of the drive, and, aside from horseback riders thudding along the hard earth, and an occasional buggy or carriage, we have the drive to ourselves. It is well at this point to pause long enough to give thanks to the Commissioners of Fairmount Park for their thoughtfulness and wisdom in excluding noisy and smelly machines from this solitude. It is the single stretch of notable country in the world, so far as I am aware, thus protected from these modern screech owls, and where life and limb are assured of reasonable protection from speed fiends and those who seem to take an unnatural delight in running down inoffensive and innocent pedestrians.

Autumn leaves are at their best now, and it is worth the walk if we see nothing except the giant trees with their covering of many colors. We are reminded constantly of the famous poem by Joyce Kilmer as we gaze on the in-

finite variety in this leafy cathedral, and we solemnly agree with him that while many men may write poems, and many more indite prose, only God can make a tree. The leaves are green and gold and crimson, and we realize that it is the beautiful season that has been so aptly called "the Summer of All Saints." With Hood we cry:

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is
fled;
Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they
fed.

With all of this color and brightness around us we wonder how the poet could have spoken of these as the melancholy days, "the saddest of the year." But the twilight approaches, the wind changes, and there is a rustling of the leaves. It is then that we begin to get the suggestion of decay. The wind increases and now it comes through the branches of the trees like the sighing of the old year. Someone has compared the gales at sea to the shrieking of the lost souls. As the dead leaves

blow about in every direction, tossed at the fancy of the errant wind, we are reminded of the restlessness of the souls in Purgatory.

It is not surprising to know that the Wissahickon has been made known in both prose and poetry. Edgar Allan Poe wrote about it in "The Opal," a gift book published in 1844. Says the gifted poet:

"It was not until Fanny Kemble, in her droll book about the United States, pointed out to Philadelphians the rare loveliness of a stream which lay at their own doors, that this loveliness was more than suspected by a few adventurous pedestrians of the vicinity. But, the 'Journal' having opened all eyes, the Wissahickon, to a certain extent, rolled at once into notoriety. I say to a 'certain extent,' for, in fact, the true beauty of the stream lies far above the route of the Philadelphia picturesque-hunters, who rarely proceed farther than a mile or two above the mouth of the rivulet—for the very excellent reason that here the carriage road stops. I would advise the adventurer who would behold its finest

points to take the Ridge Road, running westwardly from the city, and, having reached the second lane beyond the sixth milestone, to follow this lane to its termination. He will thus strike the Wissahickon at one of its best reaches, and, in a skiff, or by clambering along its banks, he can go up or down the stream, as best suits his fancy, and in either direction will meet his reward."

Everything thus stated by the poet, nearly eighty years ago, still holds good, except that the enterprise and good management of the Fairmount Park Commission have made this region more easily accessible by all lovers of nature who wish to explore its gorgeous natural beauties.

Another writer, George Lippard, the author of a number of sensational novels, has made the Wissahickon the scene of many of his incidents. Our attention is still called to a high rock known as "The Lover's Leap," where on one moonlight night he was married to his wife according to Indian rites. The exact rock is difficult to find, but we are assured of the veracity of the marriage incident.

Before going any farther it might be well to make passing mention of a few of the more striking landmarks of the Wissahickon. At the very outset, at the entrance of what is called "the Upper Wissahickon," we will notice a bronze tablet attached to a large rock. It was erected in 1907 by the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution. The inscription reads:

On the morning of the Battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777, the Pennsylvania Militia, under General John Armstrong, occupying the high ground on the west side of the creek opposite this point, engaged in a skirmish the left wing of the British forces, in command of Lieutenant-General Knyphausen, who occupied the high ground on the east side along Schoolhouse Lane.

The thoughts conjured up by this bit of history are in strange contrast to the present peaceful aspect of the Wissahickon. As we

proceed on our way the first conspicuous sight to attract our attention is the great Walnut Lane bridge. This was built in 1907, and at that time was claimed to be the longest concrete bridge in the world. A tablet tells us that it was erected during the administration of Mayor Weaver. We are also informed that the assistant engineer of the construction was Henry Quimby, but what we are not told is that Quimby was the guiding spirit, the inspiration and the master workman of that great piece of engineering. It has been my privilege to know him well as a neighbor, and I have personal knowledge of how he thought of that bridge awake and sleeping, and of how he was sometimes called from his home in the middle of the night to meet some unexpected emergency in its building.

One of the ways of becoming familiar with the Wissahickon is to keep in mind the various places between the Ridge Avenue entrance, as we may designate it, and the Chestnut Hill exit. They are as follows: Ridge Road, Hermit's Lane, Lincoln Drive, Kitchen's Lane, Allen's Lane, Gorgas Lane, Shawmont Avenue, Valley Green, Wise's Mill Road, Rex

Avenue, Thos. Mill Road, Thorp's Lane and Andorra.

In an incredibly short time we find ourselves in the very heart of nature, with the road overhung with the branches of trees that flourished at the time William Penn first came to his "greene" city. How the Wissahickon Drive got its name is not perfectly clear, although it has an Indian flavor. My friend, Estoclet, who knows everything worth knowing about old Philadelphia, says that in its present shape the word may be a corruption of either of two Indian compounds, one meaning yellow water stream, and the other, catfish stream. Its connection with the latter is considered the more probable, although the color of its water after every heavy storm goes far to support the former derivation. For very many generations catfish and waffles have been a favorite Philadelphia dish, and it is known that this tempting combination first became known along the banks of the Wissahickon. One of the earliest dining clubs in this country was called The State in Schuylkill, and most of its repasts were served in this neighborhood. To belong to The State

in Schuylkill was to be counted among the aristocracy.

We are likely to find ourselves all alone in this sylvan dell. The absolute quietude is broken only by the running of the water and the singing of the birds. The leaves are beginning to turn and to fall and we find our pathway carpeted with the most gorgeous designs of nature. The sight of these beautiful colors always brings to mind the line in the Sacred Scriptures which declares that the glorious raiment of Solomon was not comparable to the garb of nature. As we go along, we constantly pass little roads radiating from the Wissahickon, each one of which would be sufficient to tempt us into bypaths if it were not for the fact that our time is limited and we must keep steadily forward if we are to reach the end of the line by dusk.

One of the earliest of these byways, less than a mile from the starting point, is Hermit's Lane. There is a footbridge across the stream at this point, and the wayfarer who is so disposed may easily spend a portion of his time in surveying a scene that would tempt

the brush of the artist or arouse the noblest instincts of a poet's soul. A little further on we come to other side roads that lead, as one man has it, "into the wilds of Roxborough." We pass Kitchen's Lane on the left of the creek. This gets its name from W. C. Kitchen, who had an estate there. Off on the summit of the hill, overlooking the stream, is what has been called "The Monastery." Here, according to local tradition, the Dunkards came and established their habitation. Just when they left is not certain, but at the present time they flourish in Lancaster County, where they vie with the Mennonites and the Quakers in living the simple life. After passing the Indian Rock Hotel, we notice Monastery and Cemetery Avenues. Near by, on the left of the drive, we see a natural curiosity in the rock. It is the representation of an Indian with a tomahawk in his hand and apparently in the act of springing forward. There are other phenomena of this kind, especially around Valley Green, but one needs to have a good imagination to see the objects that are supposed to be depicted.

Half a mile from Valley Green we notice a deep stream of water; at its mouth is the famous Devil's Pool, which was the scene of an engagement during the Battle of Germantown. Just at Valley Green is the notable stone bridge, and Estoclet assures me that if you have a camera you will not be content until you have photographed the remarkably perfect oval made by its arch and the reflection of it in the crystal water beneath. A small stone house, not far away, which is used as a guard house, was once the business office of the Megargee Mill.

There are any number of springs along the drive, but one that is sure to attract your attention notifies the pedestrian that it was placed there "Pro Bono Publico" in the year 1854. An inscription under it, "Esto Perpetua," indicates the desire of the donor. We are told that it was contributed by Joseph Cook, and that it was the first public fountain in Philadelphia. He is to be commended as is Charles Megargee, who gave the spring itself to public uses. The walk along the drive finally ends at Andorra, which is the site of the well-known Andorra Nurseries.

From the City Hall to the end of this drive at the city line is just thirteen miles.

Not long ago I talked with a man who had traveled all over the world, and he made the declaration that nowhere had he found a stretch of territory which combined so much that was picturesque in the way of natural scenery as is to be found in these miles along the Wissahickon Drive.

If you are of a contemplative turn of mind, you will find the walk along the Wissahickon a perfect treasure house of beautiful impressions. There is constant change, and the most interesting phase of the trip is that you find yourself amid perfect solitude, while only a few miles away the teeming city of Philadelphia is stirring with its two million inhabitants.

A few words about the entrance and the exit of this beautiful paradise, and we will bring our rambling remarks to a close. Before we reach what may be called the Ridge Avenue entrance to the drive we pass through what is known as the Falls Village. Few places in this part of the country are quite as quaint as the Falls of Schuylkill. How

shall I describe it? There is no better way than by quoting the words of Eli Bowen, written almost seventy-five years ago. I can promise that after all these years this description still holds good.

"The vicinity of the Falls is much frequented," he says, "in the summertime by the citizens of Philadelphia. They ride out here to get an airing. The romantic and picturesque Wissahickon empties into the Schuylkill a short distance above the village, and this is the principal source of attraction. Its banks are bold and rocky, overgrown with stately trees, whose shade affords a cool retreat from the heat and the dust of the city. There are several hotels or places of refreshment, both in the village and on the Wissahickon, and there is no lack of material to gratify or amuse the visitor. The drive from the city is very refreshing—the road being remarkably smooth and studded all along with handsome cottages and tasteful scenery, as well as with objects of historical and general interest. It is customary to enjoy the ride late in the afternoon, before dusk, while many drive out to partake of the celebrated catfish and coffee

and return by the 'light of the moon.' Riding, by horseback, both for ladies and gentlemen, is, in these days, one of the requisites of a polite education, and the taste for the exercise is indulged to the fullest extent—though there is still a corresponding number of vehicles, some of them splendid equipages, to be met on the road."

We owe Eli a debt of gratitude for this vivid description of how the Philadelphians of three-quarters of a century ago acted and lived, although it is hard to forgive him for his reference to what he is pleased to call the "tasteful scenery." So much for the entrance to the Wissahickon Drive. We have already described the chief points of interest between there and the quaint drinking fountain. A mile beyond this point, at the eastern end of Rex Avenue bridge, we see the arched gateway leading to Indian Rock, crowned by the crouching figure of a Lenape warrior. Soon we come to Thorp's Lane and then we go through the Andorra Nurseries to the county line. We are at our journey's end now and we bid farewell to the beautiful Wissahickon near one of the high points of Chestnut Hill.

XXII

EDWIN FORREST'S LIFE TRAGEDY

IF YOU will walk with me to the graveyard of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Third Street below Walnut, I will show you the stone that covers the last earthly resting place of one of the most eminent actors of the American stage.

The old church is in the midst of the downtown commercial district, and the fine homes in that part of the city have been given over to business purposes. Indeed, the church itself is now largely utilized as an office building for the various organizations of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. The graveyard attached to the church is filled with the tombs of dead and gone Philadelphians who were persons of importance in their day and generation.

Standing on Third Street, looking through the iron bars, one may see the Forrest family vault in which a number of the relatives of

the tragedian have been laid. A list of the names is cut on the stone and at the bottom one simply reads the caption: "Edwin Forrest," with the date of his birth and that of his death. It has been suggested that eventually the remains may be taken to the grounds of the Forrest Home for Aged Actors, but so far nothing practical has been done to bring this about.

Philadelphia is filled with reminders of Forrest and his fame. In his early days the actor played in a theatre which was located on South Street on what was afterwards the site of Young's distillery. Again he had a handsome mansion on Broad Street at the corner of Master, now occupied by the School of Design for Women. But the tomb of the great man who could declaim so powerfully, and who also had the ability to "set the table in a roar," has been singularly neglected.

Forrest was a massive man, and those who heard his powerful declamation never forgot it. He was an unusual person in many ways and was constantly doing unusual things, but the most amazing thing in all of his career was when he deliberately hissed Macready,

the famous English actor, because that artist gave an interpretation to a part which conflicted with Forrest's sense of the fitness of things.

The talents of the American actor were revealed in a rather curious way. As a boy he loved the theatre, and took every opportunity of attending theatrical performances. At the age of eleven, he actually appeared in a play in the old South Street Theatre, in this city. His mother intended him for the ministry, but the death of his father at an early age made it necessary for the boy to earn his living, and he was apprenticed to a paperhanger, and after that worked in a cooper shop and, later, in a printing office. One night, while attending a lecture intended to demonstrate the possibilities of nitrous-oxide, young Forrest consented to act as the subject. While under the influence of the gas, he broke out into a soliloquy from Richard III.

John Swift, a notable Philadelphia lawyer, and a lover of the drama, who was in the audience, became interested in Forrest,

secured for him a professional engagement and from that day his place on the stage was fixed.

There is no need to tell the story of his rapid rise. It is sufficient to say that after he had reached the height of his fame in America, he went to England, where he made a distinct hit. In London he was entertained by Charles Kemble and Macready. He was a man of irascible temper and he became involved in a quarrel with Macready regarding the proper rendition of one of the Shakespearean characters. He did worse than this. He attended the theatre where Macready was playing and, when the Englishman "slurred his lines," as he called it, he deliberately hissed him.

It caused a great commotion, as it well might, this business of one actor hissing another. There was a long controversy in the newspapers, during the course of which Forrest upheld the right of an auditor to hiss what he deemed to be a perversion of art. He said it was the only method of showing his disapproval of what he disliked. He did not put it in so many words, but he intimated that

if some actor should conceive the idea of blacking his face to play the part of Hamlet, it would be the duty of the admirers of the Bard of Avon to hiss that actor off the stage. The friends of Macready were severe in censure of Forrest, and said that his undignified actions toward the Englishman were prompted by mean envy and professional jealousy.

That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. In 1849 Macready came to America for a professional tour. It was an opportunity for Forrest to come forward and welcome him, and to wipe out the memories of the hissing episode. But he was not built in that mould. He did nothing against Macready, but he sulked in his tent, as the saying goes, and that was almost as effective as open hostility. On May 10th, of that year, the followers of Forrest and Macready came together in the Astor House riot, which had the effect of driving Macready from the American stage, and which cast a cloud upon the later days of Forrest. Fair-minded Americans were very much chagrined by the performance, and although Forrest declared that he was in no way re-

sponsible for the occurrence, there was a feeling that his attitude toward the Englishman had provoked the trouble.

There are still men living in Philadelphia who recall this remarkable actor, and many stories are told to illustrate his methods and his style of acting. One of these relates to a "super" who was able to make a reply that for once left Forrest without anything to say.

The tragedian was rehearsing a play and was giving personal attention to the details of the production. One young man had been engaged for a very small part for which he was to be paid \$12 a week. He was called upon to enter by a rear door and to speak a single line which ran something like this:

"My Lord, the carriage awaits without."

On the occasion of the rehearsal the young man walked on the stage and made the announcement in such an insipid manner that Forrest was annoyed. In a voice of thunder he told him that it would not do—that he must put some life in the line.

"Do it over again," he shouted, "and try to seem natural."

The man repeated the line, but it was still unsatisfactory. Three and then four times he tried it and all the while Forrest's temper was reaching the boiling point. Finally the great actor rushed to the doorway and, entering, spoke the lines in his most majestic style.

"Now," he cried, "why can't you do it in that way?"

"Why, Mr. Forrest," retorted the "super" with a slight lisp, "if I could do it in that way I wouldn't be working for \$12 a week."

The tragedian was compelled to join in the laugh produced by this apt retort.

But as we stand gazing at the crumbling tombstone in the old churchyard we are reminded that Forrest's own life was as sad as any tragedy. The very simplicity of the two words on the stone are eloquent. But eloquent as is this inscription it fails to tell about the most human part of the actor's history. To those who know it recalls the pathetic romance of his life—a romance more picturesque and more sorrowful than anything he ever attempted to depict upon the stage.

Catherine Sinclair, sweetheart and wife of

the tragedian, was born in England. It was there that they met and were married. When they returned to the United States they began housekeeping in Philadelphia, and their domestic life was charming. He was a genius, and she a woman of education and refinement. Books and letters still in existence prove the devotion that they bore to one another. The splendid library of Edwin Forrest still contains books which are mute reminders of those happy days. He was constantly purchasing rare and notable books for his wife, and these presentation volumes invariably bore on the fly-leaf the inscription:

"To Catherine Forrest,
From Her Husband and Sweetheart,
Edwin Forrest."

The letters that passed between them were filled with terms of endearment. Once, while away on a professional tour, Forrest wrote: "I seem quite lonely without you, and even in this short absence have often wished you here; but the three weeks will pass away, and then we shall see each other again!"

With growing fame came increased fortune; and Forrest, looking forward to years of future happiness, conceived the idea of building a magnificent palace on the banks of the Hudson, about twenty miles from New York. Fonthill Castle, as it was to be named, was the creature of their united brains. Several times a year husband and wife journeyed to the place to watch the progress of the builders. On one particular Fourth of July the tragedian planned a celebration, to which he invited three or four hundred of his neighbors. It was a wonderful success—a fact that will not be disputed when it is known that the host himself read the Declaration of Independence.

But this bliss was not to last. Within a few years after their marriage jealousy entered the Forrest household. The tragedian heard someone speak in complimentary terms of the beauty of his wife, and from that moment he became an unreasonable being. Sometime later, while he was in Cincinnati fulfilling a professional engagement, he found George Jamieson, a member of his company, paying pretty little attentions to his wife. To a man

of Forrest's temperament this was unbearable, and there was a scene which made all concerned miserable.

Six months after that, while in his Philadelphia home one night, Forrest discovered a letter in the handwriting of George Jamieson addressed to his wife. It was a long, rambling epistle, filled with rhapsodies that rivaled the poetic fancies of the most pronounced stage lover. But Forrest regarded it as tragedy, and would not accept it in any other light. There was a separation of the couple, and even this was not without theatrical effect. As his wife sat in the carriage that was to take her from Forrest, she asked him for a souvenir of their happy days. He picked out the choicest book in his library, and placing his autograph on the fly-leaf presented it to her. Not satisfied with that, he lifted an oil painting of himself from the wall, and had it placed in the carriage with his departing wife.

Separation was followed by divorce. The trial ended in a victory for Mrs. Forrest. A decree was given to her, and the actor was ordered to pay her alimony amounting to three thousand dollars a year.

The bitterness caused by this sad affair remained with Forrest until he died. To the fanciful the story of the courtship and marriage of Catherine Sinclair and Edwin Forrest reads like pages taken from the tragedy of Othello, the only difference being that the great tragedian shrank from playing in real life and to its end the part of the swarthy Moor.

By what seems to be a strange coincidence two of the three actors in this sad drama met a sudden and unexpected death within a few years of each other. Jamieson was struck and killed by a railroad train near Yonkers, New York; Forrest died while alone in the sumptuously furnished study of his Philadelphia home. He had no one to comfort his last hours; but expired amid the books, paintings and works of art that had meant so much to him during life, and which were so impotent to aid him in his struggles at that last terrible moment.

While Forrest was buried in the vault in the churchyard of St. Paul's, it has always been felt that his body eventually would be placed under a becoming monument on the

grounds of the Actors' Home he founded. The tragedian never intended that it should be regarded as a charitable institution; but so planned the details of its management that old and infirm actors and actresses who were compelled to seek shelter there in their declining years should be considered as the guests of Edwin Forrest. Few professional people have more pride than those of the stage, and they accepted the gift of the dead tragedian strictly in the spirit that he intended.

Twice a year there is a notable celebration to which a small number of favored outsiders are invited. One of these celebrations is held on the birth anniversary of Shakespeare, and the other to commemorate the birth of Forrest himself. On these occasions the venerable actors and actresses, bent with the weight of years and misfortune, gaily repeat the scenes of their former triumphs. Nothing can be more intensely interesting than the performances of these superannuated players. Nothing could be more unutterably pathetic. For the time being they renew their youth. Once more they strut before the glare of the

footlights, and once more they listen to the music of laughter, and drink in the applause which invigorates them like old wine.

One winter day, many years ago, some thoughtful person placed a large basketful of red roses on the snow-covered slab that sheltered the body of Forrest in St. Paul's Churchyard. A local writer, who must have had the soul of a poet, said at the time that the sight was finely emblematic of the life of Edwin Forrest, wherein the red roses of dramatic triumph were inseparably intertwined with the cold frosts of domestic affliction.

It is interesting to note how everything in connection with the life and death of Edwin Forrest almost unconsciously has a tendency to revive the memory of his unfortunate and unhappy domestic alliance.

It is significant that the old Forrest mansion at Broad and Master Streets, Philadelphia, where the tragedian lived and died in the midst of luxury, is now occupied as a school of design for women, where ambitious and talented young girls learn the rudiments of a technical education which is to bring them fame and fortune.

It is equally significant that the unfinished palace on the Hudson where this man expected to spend so many years of bliss is now the site of a Catholic convent.

Not less significant than either of these examples is the Forrest home itself, which shelters beneath its hospitable roof some of the most illustrious women that have ever adorned the American stage. Thus it is that the violets and roses of womankind have sprung up to sweeten and beautify all of the spots intimately associated with the memory of a man who is supposed to have died with an implacable animosity toward the fair sex.

XXIII

TOM MOORE IN PHILADELPHIA

ONE of my friends wonders if there would not be some interest in telling of the house on the Schuylkill where Tom Moore, the poet, lived during his visit to this country some time in 1804. Unfortunately there is nothing to prove that the poet ever lived there. It is simply tradition which has existed for years and which is likely to persist for a long time to come. What is true is the fact that Moore visited the United States at that time and that he was greatly pleased with the hospitality he received in Philadelphia. He had been appointed to a position in Bermuda, but becoming dissatisfied he resigned the post and made a short trip to the United States. He visited New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. He frankly disliked the other cities, but always talked kindly of the City of Brotherly Love. He

wrote several poems based on his experience here, and one of them referred to the Schuylkill River. It was probably this which created the impression of his having lived on the banks of that stream. If memory is correct the opening lines ran something like this:

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his
eye.
But far, very far, were the friends that he
loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a
sigh.

It seems that Moore did not spend more than ten days in Philadelphia, and soon afterwards he composed this poem and sent a copy of it to his mother. "Dear mother," he says, "I know you will be pleased with the little poem I wrote on my way from Philadelphia. It was written much as a return for the kindness I received there, but chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman—Mrs. Hopkinson—who was extremely interested by my songs and who flattered me with many attentions. You must observe that the Schuylkill

is a river which runs by—or through—Philadelphia.”

It is evident from this that the bard was not averse to flattery and that he did not object to having it laid on thick. Society lionized him and he sent several letters to his mother describing the attentions that were paid him. In one of these he says: “Among other things, my reception at Philadelphia was extremely flattering. It is the only place in America that can boast of a literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more than I deserved. But their affectionate attentions went far beyond this deference to reputation. I was quite caressed while there, and their anxiety to make me known by introductory letters to all their friends on my way, and two or three little poems of a very flattering kind, which some of their choicest men addressed to me, all went so warmly to my heart that I felt quite a regret in leaving them; and the only place I have seen which I had one wish to pause in was Philadelphia.”

A number of Moore's poems were published in the “Portfolio,” a publication which was greatly admired by the literary people of that

day. The editor of the "Portfolio" went into raptures over Moore and his work. When the poet left he printed an editorial of praise which concluded by saying:

"The ardent admirers of Mr. Moore cherish a lively hope that the fascinating friend and sweet poet, after enjoying the hospitality of his countrymen in the British provinces, will shortly return to gladden the social and literary circles on the banks of the Delaware. The editor will greet him with that warmth of welcome which the presence of such a friend inspires."

All of this was very fine, but those who went into ecstasies of delight over the distinguished visitor were due for a jolt sooner than they expected. In 1806 the "Epistles, Odes and Other Poems" of Thomas Moore were published. This volume contained a number of notes relating to the visit of the poet to the United States. One of these had this pungent comment:

"In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends at Philadelphia I passed the only agreeable moments which my tour through

the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate as I ought the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value as I do the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans can be, I but see with the more indignation what Americans are."

Naturally this did not help to make Mr. Moore popular in the United States. The fact that he excepted Mr. Dennie from his criticisms of "the common people" did not improve the standing of that estimable gentleman. There were many sharp retorts which spared neither Moore nor Dennie. One writer in the "Literary Magazine" revenged himself upon the poet and the self-satisfied Philadelphians by means of a hoax. It was an article published as though it had been written by Moore. It read as follows:

"Philadelphia is the most dull, monotonous, uninteresting city on the face of the globe; a city whose positive advantages it would take a Solomon to discover. The negative catalogue, however, is not so scanty. It wants more churches, market houses and coffee houses. Its churches, few as they are, want steeples and their steeples want bells. They also want audiences and their audiences want zeal. Their choirs want singers and their singers want voices. Their markets want space, air and shelter, and their coffee houses want room, dignity and convenience. The streets want variety, being too uniformly wide and straight. Of the only curved streets, one is too narrow and the other is too wide.

"In the one the houses are too high and in the other they are too low. Where the houses are dissimilar they are too dissimilar; where they are alike they are too much alike. The city wants more hotels. The few there are are dirty, noisy, dark and inconvenient. The streets have too many trees but little shade. Their foot pavements are smooth where smoothness is least wanted, and their carriage ways are rough where roughness is most

troublesome. In a town of eighty thousand people many must go a mile to market, and the same to church. The best and most busy streets are twice a week crowded for half a day together with horses and carts. The principal street is lined all the year round with wagons, which serve the purpose, while moving of ships; while standing, of stalls and inns.

"Philadelphia has two theatres, one of which, very much in the style of a barn, is placed in the dirty and obscene skirts of the city, and is at least a mile from the habitation of two-thirds of the population. It is only opened occasionally on the arrival of a company of mountebanks, jugglers or rope dancers. The other is opened half the year, for one or two hundred exhibitions, which takes place twice or thrice a week.

"Everything in the city is in a state of revolution. The only house which deserves the name of a genteel or fashionable residence was recently turned into a tavern. The house occupied by Washington and Adams in the days of their sovereignty underwent the same fate. A house designed for a palace for the

Governor of the State has lately become a college, and the hall of the Revolutionary Congress is now a depository for stuffed birds and beasts.

“The only magnificent buildings are characteristic of the genius of the place; they are money-shops, vulgarly called banks. One of them is a mass of hewn marble, disposed most ridiculously in the form of a Grecian-Ionic temple, thus exemplifying the most preposterous incongruity between the form and the purpose. The other is not liable to this objection, but is built, in the interior, of such materials that a random spark would soon reduce the whole into a heap of ruins.”

It might be thought that this burlesque would be detected on sight, but there was so much truth mingled with the satire that it deceived many persons. For some time after its publication the greatest indignation prevailed, and there were some who were in favor of hunting the poet and giving him a coat of tar and feathers. But just when anger was at the boiling point the father of the skit acknowledged the authorship and absolved the poet of all blame.

We may be sure that Moore came in for a great deal of abuse for his unsparing criticism of the United States, but it is a curious fact that nearly all of the European literary lights who have come to this country have indulged in the same sort of thing. They have been entertained lavishly and have then gone home and vented their spleen on their entertainers. Dickens did that, although in his later life he went out of his way to apologize for some of the things he said against the United States and its people and customs.

There are probably two explanations for this disposition to find fault with America on the part of these celebrities. One was the fact that we deserved censure for many of our faults; the other is that it was a cheap way of getting publicity on the part of these novelists and poets. If Moore had only said nice things about America his expressions would not have had more than passing notice. As it is his caustic criticisms aroused universal attention, and are quoted even to the present day. Had Dickens called attention to our good qualities and spoken of the wonderful progress of the new Republic his views would

have been received merely with polite interest. But when he laid stress on the number of people he met who chewed tobacco, and the bad manners he observed in so many public places he started a protest which still sends its echoes down the years. Needless to say, the bad manners of Moore, Dickens and all the others were much worse than any they may have observed on this side of the ocean.

If an intelligent American went abroad with the intention of finding fault with the manners and customs of the people he would probably find enough to fill a book. The incidents he utilized to prove his case might be true enough in themselves, but the story he presented might easily be untrue, unfair and uncharitable. So it is just as well not to take foreign criticisms too seriously. It is not easy for the traveler to take an entirely unbiased view of the things he encounters in his journeyings. Much depends upon the man and his mental equipment and breadth of view.

But we can forgive much of Tom Moore because he was a genius and such men are not to be judged by ordinary standards. We are told that his earliest education was received

under an eccentric schoolmaster in Dublin, and it is quite possible that he may have acquired some of the traits of his preceptor. We cannot help feeling kindly toward the poet who wrote the "Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh." The sweetness and the tenderness of "Oft in the Stilly Night" and similar compositions have the habit of lingering with the hearer, just as the odor of the rose clings to the one who has been given a whiff of its sweetness.

XXIV

DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL

IF YOU should be in the neighborhood of Clark Park you may be interested in an unusual statue which occupies a conspicuous site amid the trees and the shrubbery of the place. This park, as you are probably aware, is in the vicinity of Forty-fifth Street and Baltimore Avenue, and the statue, as you are possibly not aware, is that of Charles Dickens, the famous English novelist. It is an excellent specimen of the sculptor's art, and represents the great writer with "Little Nell," one of the finest of his creations, clinging to him. Both the author and his character are presented with rare fidelity, and the lover of Dickens will be amply repaid in making a journey for the purpose of viewing this unique piece of work. It is a real accomplishment for an artist to be able to illustrate the novel of an author in a way to retain the spirit of

the characters, but to reproduce one of the most celebrated of these in bronze, and still satisfy the enthusiastic admirer of Charles Dickens, is something like a feat.

The statue, or group, in Clark Park, is, so far as I am aware, the only memorial of the kind that has been erected to Dickens in the United States. One of the reasons for this is that Dickens has always been widely read in Philadelphia. When he lectured in this city, we are told, the crowds that sought admission were so great that thousands had to be turned away. The fame of his writings was great enough to insure an unusual outpouring; in addition to this, he was a splendid reader and a talented actor, and he read his stories with such dramatic effect that those who were privileged to attend the recitals were given a real treat. Even to this day Dickens is widely read here and in other parts of the United States, and his Philadelphia admirers feel so strongly on the subject that they have organized a Dickens Fellowship for the purpose of perpetuating his memory and of keeping alive interest in his remarkable books.

When Charles Dickens visited America in 1842, he was very much interested in the Eastern Penitentiary in this city. He spent a whole day in that institution, talking to the prisoners and listening to the stories of their lives. One chapter in his "American Notes" is devoted to the story of this visit, and especially to a German prisoner whose tale impressed him powerfully.

This man, who spent the greater part of his life in the penitentiary, was always afterwards known as "Dickens' Dutchman."

Visitors who called at the prison in later years always expressed a desire to see the famous Dutchman. He got a bad case of "swelled head" as the result of the notoriety given him by the novelist; from a normal regulation-abiding, self-respecting criminal, he became a vain, fussy, troublesome prisoner.

Such, alas, are the fruits of fame!

Those who are familiar with the Eastern Penitentiary, which is better known as Cherry Hill from its site, have always been amused at the pathetic picture of the place painted by Dickens. His "American Notes" have excited much criticism, but they were presumed to be

facts or impressions of his trip. Probably allowance must be made for poetic license in the writing.

He described the manner in which the cells of the Penitentiary are arranged; he explained how the seven corridors radiate from a central circle. He added:

“Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dull repose and quiet that prevails is awful. Occasionally there is a drowsy sound from some lone weaver’s shuttle, or shoemaker’s last, but it is stifled by the thick walls and heavy dungeon door, which only serves to make the general stillness more profound.

“Over the head and face of every prisoner who comes into the melancholy house a black hood is drawn; and in this dark shroud, an emblem of the curtain dropped between him and the living world, he is led to the cell from which he never again comes forth until his whole term of imprisonment has expired. He never hears of wife or children; home or friends; the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison officers, but with

that exception he never looks upon a woman's countenance, or hears a woman's voice. He is a man buried alive; to be dug out in the slow round of years; and in the meantime dead to everything but torturing anxieties and horrible despair."

The novelist in painting this sad but artistic picture overlooked the fact that these prisoners who never looked upon a human countenance or heard a human voice, looked upon his countenance and heard his voice and that they were visited regularly by gentlemen connected with the prison societies and occasionally by men and women members of their families and their friends.

Then Dickens goes on to describe his talks with the prisoners. Presently he tells of his visit to the celebrated Dutchman:

"In another cell there was a German, sentenced to five years' imprisonment for larceny, two of which had just expired. With colors extracted from bits of yarn he had painted every inch of the walls and ceilings quite beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground behind his cell with exquisite neatness,

and had made a little bed in the center which looked, by the by, like a grave. The taste and ingenuity he had displayed in everything was most extraordinary; and yet a more dejected, broken-hearted, wretched creature it would be difficult to imagine.

"I never saw such a picture of forlorn affliction and distress of mind. My heart bled for him, and when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he took one of the visitors aside to ask, with his trembling hands nervously clutching at his coat to detain him, whether there was any hope of his dismal sentence being commuted, the spectacle was really too painful to witness. I never saw or heard of any kind of misery that impressed me more than the wretchedness of this man."

From this recital one or two things are evident. Either Charles Dickens was an unusually impressionable man or his "Dutchman" was one of the most superb actors of the day. It is probable that both causes contributed to the pen picture which adorns the Philadelphia chapters of "American Notes." As a matter of fact, the prisoner, whose fate has been portrayed in such vivid language,

was one of the happiest men in the penitentiary. He liked it so well that he never wanted to leave it and after his term was out he contrived, by one means and another, to remain a voluntary prisoner for something like twenty years. He waxed fat and prospered and he always attracted attention and won prestige as "Dickens' Dutchman."

With all due credit to Charles Dickens as a wonderful writer of fiction, he seemed to be out of his element when it came to presentation of facts. He had a gift for the picturesque and his imagination ran riot in spite of himself. This is to be seen all through his "American Notes." As fiction they are of absorbing interest. As the reflection of what he actually saw they are without value.

Dickens, with all of his genius, was a great deal of a cockney. He affected fancy waistcoats and wore much jewelry. He was inclined to be patronizing but, as the case of the Dutchman proves, he could be as gullible as the most unsophisticated of the American people he so severely criticized.

While Dickens was in Philadelphia, he

stopped at the Continental Hotel on Chestnut Street near Ninth. At that time the Continental was regarded as one of the finest hotels in America. The Emperor of Brazil had stopped there, as well as the English Prince of Wales, so well known later as King Edward VII. Dickens was entertained handsomely by his American friends, but he found many things not to his liking. He thought the people had very bad manners; he criticized the way they talked, and he objected to the way they walked. What he did like, however, was the way they rushed to his lectures and the enthusiasm with which they greeted his readings. It is only fair to say that the readings were an artistic as well as a financial success. The gifted talker used the method so highly commended by Wilkie Collins to those who would win favor with the people. He "made them wait, he made them laugh and he made them cry." It is when we think of the art of Charles Dickens, both as a writer and as an actor, that we are willing to forgive him for the things he said about us. Some of these criticisms he withdrew in the later years of his life, saying that they were the result

of misinformation and rash judgment. Aside from that, it is easy for us to set them down as the eccentricities of genius.

XXV

IF WALLS HAD EARS

THOUSANDS of Philadelphians who daily pass the fine Benjamin Franklin Hotel, at Ninth and Chestnut Streets, will remember when that corner was the site of the old Continental Hotel. That hostelry, under the direction of the Kingsleys, father and son, had a nation-wide reputation. During the Centennial year it was regarded as the leading hotel in the Quaker City and its guests included great men from all parts of the world. Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, was there with the Empress, and made it his headquarters while visiting the great exposition which was being held in Fairmount Park. Edward VII, when he was the Prince of Wales, stopped at the old Continental, and if I am not mistaken gave a little dinner there in honor of those who had showered hospitality upon him during his stay in Philadelphia.

General Grant placed his name upon the register when he was not the guest of the late George W. Childs. Edwin Booth, Augustine Daly, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence were among a few of the great men of the stage who considered it their Philadelphia home. President Hayes was a guest there more than once, and so were many other statesmen of national fame. The late Matthew Stanley Quay helped to make the Continental a sort of Republican headquarters for the politicians of Pennsylvania, just as Senator Wallace made the Girard House—then on the other side of Chestnut Street—the meeting place of the Democratic leaders of the Keystone State.

If walls had ears the old bricks that came tumbling down when the Continental was demolished in order to make way for the more modern Benjamin Franklin could have told many a tale of political and social intrigue. Hardly one of them but what might have contained its little chapter of comedy or tragedy in the book of American life. The fate of more than one candidate for public office has been settled behind closed doors in the famous

“Parlor C” of the old hotel. There were times, too, when conferences were held there which had a vital effect upon the history of the United States Government.

One memorable meeting which took place there was between the late Judge James Campbell and Jefferson Davis, who was later to become President of the Southern Confederacy. Judge Campbell saw what was threatening—the awful Civil War in this country—and for more than an hour he pleaded with Davis to use his influence to avert such a calamity at any cost.

In order to make the story clearer it should be remembered that Davis and Campbell had been fellow-members of the Cabinet of President Pierce. That was a notable cabinet even in a day when the Presidents were in the habit of selecting the strongest men that were available as their official advisers. William M. Marcy was Secretary of State; James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury; Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War; James Dobbins, Secretary of the Navy; James Campbell, Postmaster-General; Caleb Cushing, Attorney-General,

and Robert McClelland, Secretary of the Interior.

Many a time have I sat in the old-fashioned room in the big house on Sixth Street below Walnut which served Judge Campbell and his son, John M. Campbell, as an office, and looked at this picture of the Pierce Cabinet. It was a group of intellectual giants. Jefferson Davis, who later played such a conspicuous part in the unfortunate and disastrous Civil War, seemed to stand out even more conspicuously than his fellows in that photograph.

"From the first," said Judge Campbell one day, waving his hand in the direction of the Davis portrait, "he seemed to take a fancy to me. I know not why, but from the first hour we met we became friends and always got along with the utmost harmony. But harmony was one of the characteristics of that Cabinet. President Pierce held his Cabinet together from the beginning to the end of his term. This was chiefly due to the confidence he had in his official advisers. They appreciated this confidence and did all in their

power to deserve it and to make the administration a success."

The slavery question, which was beginning to be an issue throughout the country, was not discussed by the Pierce Cabinet. President Pierce felt that if Fremont were elected to the Presidency that the question would be accentuated, and so he bent all of his energies and that of his administration to the election of Buchanan. It was not because there was any special fondness for Buchanan but rather because of the feeling that he was a conservative in whose hands the interests of the country would be safe. But, in spite of his election, the issue was not solved. The slavery and States' Rights questions continued uppermost in the public mind and thoughtful men felt that this country was drifting in the direction of civil war.

None felt this more keenly than Judge Campbell, and he was willing to make almost any personal and political sacrifice for the purpose of advertising such a catastrophe. It was at this stage of the controversy that Judge Campbell had the memorable meeting with

Jefferson Davis in the parlor of the old Continental Hotel. That interview was fraught with great consequences. His personal friendship with the man who was to become the leader of the Confederacy made Judge Campbell feel that he might accomplish something for the good of the country he loved so much. But let him tell of the incident in his own words:

"I never met Mr. Davis after Buchanan's inauguration until the summer of 1860. He had been to West Point on official business, and stopped in Philadelphia on his way back to see me in regard to the presidential campaign. I was anxious to see him as I was desirous of preventing any outbreak in the South that might follow the election of Lincoln. We had formed an amalgamated electoral ticket for both Douglas and Breckinridge, and Mr. Davis had an idea that the Democrats would succeed in this State.

"We met in the parlor of the Continental Hotel and had an hour's talk. I undeceived him, giving his lengthy reasons why the Democrats would not win. I told him that

Lincoln would carry Pennsylvania and would be the next President. He was dumbfounded, and said he expected better news. He, however, said he never knew me to be deceived and believed what I said.

"I then asked him: 'What are you men in the South going to do if Lincoln is elected? Let me advise you to stand firm. You will have the Senate and House and Lincoln can do nothing.'

"I don't think I shall ever forget the scene on that occasion. Davis sat on a sofa, and listened attentively. After I had mentioned the Lincoln matter, I waited to see what effect it would have on him, but he said not a word.

"Then I continued: 'If you permit Mr. Lincoln to serve out his term, if you will restrain the hotheads, I pledge you my life that his successor will be a Democrat.'

"A severe mental struggle was evidently going on in his mind. After a few moments study he arose and began to pace the room excitedly:

"'Campbell, I love this old Union. My father bled for it, but my God you cannot conceive the amount of feeling that exists in our

section at the present time. Unless you come among our people in the South you cannot begin to estimate the bitterness of feeling that has already been engendered—a feeling that will increase and grow in bitterness in the event of Lincoln's election.'

"Mrs. Davis appeared in the doorway of the parlor just at that time, already for the departure for the station, and the conversation was brought to a sudden termination. I never met Davis after that day. The portentous clouds that had been gathering came to a head and the war broke out in all of its fury. There was no question about my attitude in the matter. Mr. Davis knew it well. I was a strong war Democrat, and desired with all my heart the suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of the Union."

Judge Campbell had used all of his power to guide his Southern friends in the way he thought they should go and had failed.

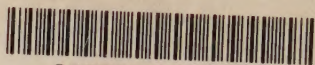
Davis had been elected to the United States Senate from Mississippi and he took part in the debates which led up to the Civil War. He had unusual powers as an orator, and in

one address he said the puritanical utterances and the violently unconstitutional character of the speeches of some of its representatives in the North would tear the Union asunder if a better feeling was not made to prevail. He earnestly deprecated interference by citizens of one State with the rights of another State, and, though fully identified with the South in any emergency, could not contemplate the possibility of disunion without emotion.

Some of his most endearing reminiscences, he said, had grown out of his official connection with the Government, and, dwelling on them, he told his hearers that while yet a boy he had been called to duty in its military service where he remained up to mature manhood. He had seen its flag wave its graceful folds in the peaceful civic pageant and had witnessed it borne aloft in the clash and cannon clouds of deadly conflict; he had seen it in the east, brightened by the sun in its rising, and in the west, gilded by its declining but golden rays; and to see that flag sundered, to see one star torn from its azure field, would, he felt, imbue him with a sorrow such as only a parent feels for a lost and beloved child.

Yet in a comparatively short time Jefferson Davis was at the head of a combination of the Southern States whose aim was to tear not one but many stars "from the azure field" of the American flag. Judge Campbell says that Jefferson Davis was a kind husband and indulgent father, and loved his home so well that he preferred to neglect his social duties in order to remain at his fireside with his family. His paradoxical attitude somehow is a reminder of the essay of Thomas De Quincey in which he says that a man who begins with murder may end by disobeying his parents.

All of these things, of course, belong to the past. There are still some men and women living who participated in these stirring events, but their ranks are thinning year by year. All the rancor has gone, or at least I hope so, and sensible persons can discuss the old issues as calmly as they would a proposition in Euclid. The old Continental Hotel was the scene of many dramatic encounters, but few, we venture to say, had more human interest than the meeting of the two old political friends, having such opposite points of view.



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